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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1878.

Price Ten Cents.



CLOSING SCENES OF THE SEASON—LINGERING SUMMER BEAUTIES AT LONG BRANCH IN THE GENIAL SEPTEMBER DAYS—THREE NOTED RIVAL CHARMERS AT THE GREAT SEASIDE RESORT—THE BELLE OF THE SURF, THE BELLE OF THE BREAKERS AND THE BELLE OF THE BEACH.—See Page 2.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

RICHARD E. FOX, Proprietor.
Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 1878.

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To Correspondents.

We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals, and items of interesting events from all parts of the States and the Canada, and more particularly from the West and Southwest. Reports of events that create an excitement in their immediate localities, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for.

ARTIST, Madison, Conn.—Send portraits and sketches at once.

J. N. Lodi, N. Y.—See item in "Vice's Varieties." Thanks.

D. T. T., Waynetown, Ind.—See item in "Vice's Varieties." Thanks.

J. L., Seattle, Wash. Ter.—Article too late for this issue. Will appear with illustration in our next.

C. W. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—Occurrence illustrated in this issue. Fuller account previously received.

H. J. C., Charleston, S. C.—Item published under head of "Vice's Varieties;" thanks. Let us hear from you again.

W. M., Chicago, Ill.—Thanks for many kind attentions. Portraits very acceptable as will be those promised. Further by mail.

Dr. D. W., Tybo, Nev.—Item appears under head of "Vice's Varieties;" thanks. arrived too late for illustration in this issue, however.

B. F. S., Marysville, Cal.—See item in "Vice's Varieties." Thanks; let us hear from you again. Item not of sufficient interest to illustrate, however.

1st SERGEANT, BATTERY "G," 3RD ARTILLERY, Fort Schuyler, N. Y.—Thanks for courtesy extended to the GAZETTE. Papers and letter mailed you.

C. S., Detroit, Mich.—Article appears with illustration as you will see. The other, coming rather late for the current issue, is held over. Further by mail.

S. E., Indianapolis, Ind.—We don't see what interest to our readers it would be to publish portraits sent. No address given, or would return them by mail.

CORRESPONDENT, Kansas City, Mo.—Have heard nothing further from you in regard to the cowhiding affair. As sent it is too indefinite to be of interest.

G. M. SMITH, Philadelphia, Pa.—Cannot supply you with copies of the POLICE GAZETTE for October, 1878. If you advertise for them, probably some of our readers who have kept it on file can send them to you.

FRAN. Gallipolis, Ohio.—Item published in "Vice's Varieties." Thanks. Send us item; again. We don't believe in lotteries, but consider the one in question, to be all right as far as we can ascertain.

S. E. H., Easleyville, Ala.—Article appears elsewhere; thanks for the attention. Can you send us portraits of any of the parties or outline sketch of the affair, correct as to details and surroundings. Further by mail.

H. N. W., Colusa, Cal.—Thanks for kind attention. Article appears in this issue with illustration, closely drawn from description. Shall be glad to have accounts of other interesting happenings in your vicinity at any time.

CORRESPONDENT, Mound City, Ark.—Item appears elsewhere. Thanks. Can you send us further particulars or portraits of the parties? Let us hear from you again, with accounts of interesting occurrences in your vicinity. Will authorize you to represent us in that section, if desired.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We would respectfully ask of our correspondents that in sending us articles for publication they write on one side of the paper only. Communications written on both sides give us the heavy and useless additional labor of re-writing every other page, a very great addition to editorial duties in a correspondence as extensive as that of the GAZETTE has become, and obliging us to make it a rule to consign all such manuscript to the waste basket, unless there are very exceptional circumstances in the case.

HOUSTON STREET, New York City.—The individual referred to is not connected with the GAZETTE in any capacity whatever. We should suppose that it would be suggested to any sensible mind that neither a knave nor a fool, as you variously represent the party in question, could occupy a position of any consideration on a journal worthy of the name. Fitness for such a capacity implies the possession of brains and character, of both of which your int-resting friend is evidently destitute. Every individual pursuing such a mean and disreputable course and claiming to represent any journal of standing, may be safely set down, on all occasions, as a fraud of the first water. We should take it as a favor if you or others would immediately hand over to the police any one playing such a dirty game and using our name in it. No one attached to this office will be found in such a locality as that described without proper cause and ample vouchers as to his legitimate standing. Our advice to you in regard to the infliction of the annoying beat is that you commend him, on the next visitation, to the care either of the police or of the Commission of Public Charities and Corrections for early shipment to Ward's Island.

TO NEWSDEALERS.

We shall thank every newsdealer throughout the country whose names have not already been sent us, to do so at once on a postal card, but particularly those from the Western States. Circulars, blank orders, etc., will be mailed free of charge.

A STORY BY "JACK HARKAWAY."

In an early issue of the GAZETTE, as announced at length last week, we shall commence the publication of a new original story, written expressly for the GAZETTE, by the popular author, Brackbridge Heming, Esq., whose Jack Harkaway stories have given him a national reputation. The title of the story will be "The Finger of Fate, or, The Curse of Crime." It will be published in weekly installments, each of which will be accompanied by a handsome illustration, graphically depicting leading incidents of the chapter. The scene of the story is laid chiefly in New York City, vividly portraying characteristic incidents of life in the metropolis, its lights and shadows, mysteries and miseries. It is written in the lively, graceful style which has given the author such widespread popularity, is marked throughout by dramatic and absorbing interest which render his stories so fascinating to all classes of readers. It is pure in tone and diction, unexceptionable in the drift of its thought and teaching and is in all respects such a story as we take no little pride and pleasure in presenting to our readers. We are satisfied that in thus endeavoring to supply the often expressed desire of numbers of our friends, in every section of the Union, for a first-class story, we shall meet with hearty appreciation.

THE MURDER OF MARY STANNARD.

We give a large portion of our space this week to the illustration and detailed account of the shocking tragedy at Madison, Connecticut. Our representatives have thoroughly canvassed the locality of its occurrence, and both in their reports and sketches of various scenes in connection therewith have presented numerous interesting points that have not appeared in any other journal. Our illustrations lay the blood-curdling story of the dreadful crime before our readers with awful impressiveness.

There is one point in regard to the matter that cannot escape notice. Poor Mary Stannard, the victim of man's lust and faithlessness, is in her bloody grave. The avenging of the foul deed that cut her off in the full flush of her youth and beauty concerns her not, in this world. With that, human justice alone has to do, and that demands that the infamous perpetrator should be hunted down by every means within human possibility, and be made to pay the extreme penalty of the law for his crime. With the question of the guilt or innocence of the accused we have nothing at present to do. It would be manifestly improper to express an opinion at this time.

It is impossible, however, not to be astonished, we might say disgusted, at the unheard of leniency extended to a man resting under so dreadful a charge as that brought against Mr. Hayden, who has yet by no means been relieved from the suspicion which, from the first, has pointed so strongly towards him. A nominal prisoner but really honored guest in the house of one of his congregation, a warm friend and partisan, with freedom to come and go as he pleases—such is the position occupied by Mr. Hayden while awaiting a decision that may consign him to the scaffold. And a very remarkable position it is, to say the least, for a man accused of one of the most shocking murders in our criminal annals.

The case stands without a parallel in this country. This disgraceful laxity, this mawkish sentiment towards a man who happens to wear a coat of clerical cut, though it may be made apparent that it fits him by no means, that hedges him with exceptional privileges and immunities utterly foreign and repugnant to Democratic ideas, cannot be too severely reprobated.

To suppose a case—grant that there is a possibility of Mr. Hayden's guilt—that he should happen finally, to find the evidence pointing so strongly in the affirmative that he should deem it advisable to incontinently "jump" the town, to which there is, of course, no obstacle, and Justice be thus defrauded of the explanation due. We presume it will be allowed that such an occurrence, under such circumstances, would be a misfortune to society, and we would ask the good people of Madison whom they would hold responsible in such a contingency.

THE CASE OF JACK KEHOE.

When the Pennsylvania Board of Pardons decided, on the fourth instant, not to interfere with the sentence of death in the case of Jack Kehoe, the fate of the blood-stained King of the Molly Maguire assassins was believed to have been fixed. Great was the relief thereat, in the prospect of release from this murderous thug, not only through out the coal regions, where his presence and leadership had been an ever present and tangible danger, but wherever law is respected and its supremacy demanded at all hazards.

Immense efforts were made by Kehoe's friends to influence a decision of the Board in his favor.

To this end all that political influence could do, and no insignificant degree of it was available, was brought to bear to hamper the course of justice and set the murderer free. Nothing can ever efface the fact of the disgraceful jugglery in high places by which, to advance the selfish ends of a few unprincipled politicians, it was sought to turn this most dangerous criminal loose upon the community he had so long terrorized and whose laws he had so long set at defiance.

But the satisfaction that was felt in the action of the Board of Pardons has since been modified by the gradually gathering fear that Governor Hartranft has, for reasons best known to himself, a reluctance to signing the death warrant of the convicted assassin. There is no mandatory law which can compel him to fix a day for the execution and a strong impression prevails that he will be slow to do it. The Governor's term of office is drawing to a close and it is believed that if he should postpone the signing until it expires, his successor would not assume the responsibility, and as has happened in the case of other criminals, justice would in the end be defeated by an unreasonable official technicality.

Attorney-General Lear, who voted in the Board of Pardons to commute Kehoe's sentence to imprisonment for life, and thinks it hard to give him even that punishment on the charge under which he was convicted, is of the opinion, however, that Governor Hartranft will sign. It may be remembered that he did issue Kehoe's death warrant in March last, appointing his execution on the 18th of April, but granted a respite in order that his case might be brought before the Board of Pardons. Attorney-General Lear argues therefore that, as Governor Hartranft has signed the warrant once, he will do so now, because the Board having refused to commute the sentence and the order of the court standing upon the record, unimpaired by any subsequent action whatever, there remains nothing for the Governor to do but to proceed as in the case of any ordinary condemned criminal.

Notwithstanding these assurances, however, the fact stands that there is a wide spread apprehension of Kehoe's ultimate escape from the fate he so richly merits. Governor Hartranft has now a clear chance to give the lie to these rumors by performing the duty that lies plainly before him, a duty he owes to the Commonwealth and as binding upon him as any obligation of the humblest citizen, or to confirm them by conniving at the escape of one of the most death-deserving criminals who ever polluted the air of freedom.

Lingering Love Branch Belles.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Though the fashionable season at the seaside is nominally at a close, yet the rays of an unusually fervent September sun have caused society's edict to be virtually set at naught. Long Branch still presents an aspect of life and gaiety, little if at all inferior to the palmiest days of "the season," and the beach is still brilliant, at the conventional hour, with as charming an array of beauty, both in dress and undress, as it has displayed at its best.

Among the many charming women who have brightened it by their presence, there are three noted beauties, still lingering among the devotees of old Ocean, as though loath to believe in the rapid approach of autumnal blasts and the consequent end of seaside pleasures, and who, rivals though they be, are so secure in the possession of personal attractions that neither has cause to fear eclipse by those of the others. Our artist has given a spirited picture of these charming ocean nymphs, with a graceful characterization of each, in accordance with the pretty appellation that has been bestowed upon her.

They have been styled, respectively, the Belle of the Surf, the Belle of the Beach and the Belle of the Breakers. They were so named by the ladies, who spend more time on the beach and in the surf during the week, when the gentlemen are not there, than on Sundays, when they are.

The Belle of the Surf is a beautiful Philadelphia, with brown hair, who wears a white bathing dress mounted with cardinal. A square piece of scarlet is set in the neck. The trousers are drawn up a little full over scarlet stockings, which are visible above her instep.

The Belle of the Breakers is a charming blonde, with laughing blue eyes and masses of fair hair. She dives, swims, dances, and plays in the breakers as if she was some sort of waterfowl, and more at home in them than on land. She wears a black bathing dress trimmed with blue, and a little plaited ruffle round the oiled silk under her straw hat, which looks in the sunlight like an aureole.

The Belle of the Beach, a married woman, or a woman who has been married, a Mrs. —, at any rate, is probably thirty. Her face is pale, her features are of classic regularity, and she frames them in white tulle in a style which suggests conventional forms.

Ahern, the Murdered Soldier.

(With Portrait.)

James Ahern, whose portrait appears on another page, died at Fort Schuyler, N. Y., on the 3d inst., from the effects of a bullet wound in the head. He was a private in Battery G, Third United States Artillery, stationed at Fort Schuyler. On July 27th he came to this city on a short leave of absence, with \$250 in his pocket. He was found soon afterwards on an east side street unconscious, with the bullet hole in his head. His watch and money were missing. He was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital from whence he was discharged, cured, as

was supposed, on August 10th. He was unable to give any account as to how he received the wound. He acknowledged having been on a spree, during which he had probably been enticed into some den, robbed, wounded and thrust into the street.

After he returned to Fort Schuyler inflammation of the brain set in and he died on the 3d, as stated, in an unconscious condition. It is not probable that any clue to the perpetrators of the dastardly deed will ever be discovered.

Jumpertz, the Alleged Murderer.

(With Portrait.)

Many of our readers will, no doubt, remember the supposed murder of Mrs. Sophie Werner, a native of Holland, in Chicago, in 1858. The victim had been living with Henry Jumpertz, a Prussian barber, as his mistress, and he was charged with the crime. The body had been cut into fragments, packed into a pork barrel with a quantity of salt, and shipped by rail to New York. The contents being discovered, the crime was finally traced to Jumpertz, and his trial was the most sensational of the time. His defense was that, on coming to his room, where he had left the woman, he had found her suspended to a hook, and fearing that he would be accused of the murder he made the disposition of the body as stated.

On his first trial he was convicted and narrowly escaped hanging. Public feeling was intensely excited against him. He finally succeeded in obtaining another trial, through the exertions of his counsel, the theory of Mrs. Werner's suicide was accepted, and Jumpertz was acquitted. After this, however, he found life, where he was known, unendurable from the scorn with which he was treated by every one. He disappeared and is said to have turned up during the war, distinguishing himself by his bravery as a soldier on the Union side. After the war he is reported to have gone to California, and seems now to have dropped completely from public view.

The Chicago papers have recently revived the interest in this celebrated case and we give on another page a portrait of Jumpertz from a daguerreotype taken about the time of the murder.

The Billings Murder Trial.

The trial of Jesse Billings, Jr., at the Saratoga County Court-house at Ballston, N. Y., on the charge of killing his wife on the 4th of June last, has occupied a large share of public attention during the past week, and bids fair to prove one of the most sensational criminal cases of the day. The large wealth and social standing of the accused and other parties in the case have of course tended to render it so, but aside from this the tragedy possessed elements of romance and mystery that could not fail to invest the trial with far more than ordinary interest. The details of the murder have been already so fully given in the GAZETTE that it is unnecessary to repeat them. The trial opened on the 10th, and, as was to be supposed, considerable difficulty was found in obtaining a jury, which was completed on the 11th. District Attorney Ormsby, a warm and life-long friend and distant relative of the accused, was much affected in performing his distressing duty of presenting the case to the jury.

Mary Mahoney, a pert and stylish young servant girl, who was in the room with Mrs. Billings and her daughter when the fatal shot was fired, created a sensation when she related her conversation with Billings that night. She had expressed to him her fear of remaining in the house and of passing the window for fear she should be shot, when, she said, he replied, "Maggie, you need not be afraid; whoever fired that shot did not intend it for you. It hit the person for whom it was intended." The most painful part of the trial is yet to come, however, in the giving of the testimony of the daughter, Miss Jennie Billings, who is the principal witness against her father.

Fire Marshal Benner, of Chicago.

(With Portrait.)

Fire Marshal Matthias Benner, Chief of the Chicago Fire Department, whose portrait appears in the current issue, is about forty-one years of age, and has been connected with the fire department of his city for twenty-three years. He has held the position he now holds for about four years and has reached it from the lowest round of the ladder by sheer merit, energy and attention to duty. The Chicago fire department is, undoubtedly, one of the finest in the country, though enthusiastic Chicagoans will not accept anything short of absolute pre-eminence. At all events it is admitted that it has reached its present state of excellence under the administration of Marshal Benner, to whom the credit of its efficiency is allowed to be largely due. He has full control of the department, as there are no fire commissioners in the municipal government of the city. Marshal Benner is a thorough fireman, is highly esteemed by Democrats and Republicans alike and is universally regarded as a popular and efficient official.

Patrick McGlew, Burglar.

(With Portrait.)

A portrait of Patrick McGlew, a noted Chicago burglar and desperado, is given on another page. This fellow has the reputation of being one of the worst of the "tough citizens" of that lively town, prolific as it is in this species of humanity. He is only about twenty-two, but is already familiar with the interior of a penitentiary. He was arrested a few days since on a charge of burglary, on which he is said to be fixed so completely "dead to rights" that a heavy array of "stretches" undoubtedly awaits him, which his well known character will not be apt to mitigate.

VICE'S VICTIM.

Poor Mary Stannard's Sad Experience of Life and Human Nature Brought to a

TRAGIC CULMINATION.

Twice Deceived by Conscienceless Libertines in Loving Net Wisely But too Well,

AND BUTCHERED BY A FALSE LOVER.

[With Illustrations and Portrait.]

[Reported expressly for POLICE GAZETTE.]

The shocking murder of Mary E. Stannard, in North Madison, Conn., of which we made a brief mention in the preceding issue, still excites the popular mind almost to exclusion of all other subjects in the vicinity of the tragedy and in the state, as it occupies a large share of public attention throughout the country as one of the most romantic and awful murder mysteries of our day. In the current issue, in connection with a detailed report of the crime and of the latest developments in it to date, we present a full page illustration, which depicts the leading scenes, and points of interest in relation to the tragedy, accurately sketched on the spot by special artists of the GAZETTE, in a manner that lays before our readers the awful story of the crime with a terrible distinctness that vividly

IMPRESSES IT UPON THE MIND.

It will be remembered that the body of the unfortunate girl, a comely country damsel of twenty-two, was first found on Tuesday, 3d inst., by her father, Charles Stannard. It was lying by the wayside in an old, disused roadway, not more than half a mile from her father's house, near a spot known as Fox Lodge. She had evidently been most foully murdered. Her throat was cut, her skull mashed in and her body otherwise bruised. She had some time since charged Rev. H. H. Hayden, a Methodist preacher in Madison, with being the father of a child with which she believed herself to be pregnant. Suspicion pointed so strongly to this man, that, on the 6th, he was arrested charged with the murder.

Mary Stannard was an unfortunate girl. Her beauty had been her ruin, but she had been trying for some time past to gain the respect of her neighbors, and had recovered some of the cheerfulness that made her a great favorite in the little village until the final catastrophe came. Her father, Charles Stannard, has tried to make a living on a rocky farm, and to bring up his children respectably. The little hamlet is ten miles from any railroad station, and there were few pleasures for young people there; so Mary went away to Guilford three or four years ago. She was a comely country girl with brown hair and dark eyes, but her experience of life was so limited that

SHE BELIEVED A RASCAL TOO READILY.

Since that time, until recently, she has quietly lived in service with her child. After its birth, Mr. Studley, a farmer, living a little out of Guilford, employed her in his dairy, and has made her life with him and his wife as pleasant as possible; and Mary used to say that with them she was beginning to be happy, or at least contented again. A few weeks ago Mr. Studley saw that the girl was brooding over her troubles. She did her dairy work as skillfully as ever, but she seemed to have lost her heart. Mr. Studley spoke to his wife about it, but that good lady could not discover any immediate cause. Mary, to their knowledge, was never away from home, except in the fields near the farm, and they could think of no recent occurrence that could trouble her. At length, finding her crying one day, Mr. Studley asked her what the matter was, and after some urging she told him her story. She said that she had been led astray again, and that the result must soon again bring exposure. Mr. Studley, mindful of Mary's previous fall, and of her struggle to retrieve the wrong, asked her what she would do—that he could do for her, and, finally, who her betrayer was. His name she at first refused to tell, but finally, drying her eyes, and, with the first spark of indignation she had shown, she said:

HER BETRAYER WAS HER PASTOR.

Her manner was so truthful as to impress Mr. Studley, but he saw that such a charge would only add to the complications. The girl then proceeded to detail the full circumstances. She said that when she went to Mr. Studley's pasture for water she had frequently met Mr. Hayden there, for the pasture joins his little farm. The first meeting was accidental, but others followed in which Mr. Hayden confessed his love, and Mary believed him, although he had a wife and three children. Then came the criminal act.

After consultation with his wife, Mr. Studley decided that it would be best for Mary to go to her father, in Rockland, and Mr. Studley drove her over with her little girl. To her sister, Mary told her secret, but not to her parents. To her sister she added that Mr. Hayden had promised to provide for her throughout the coming trouble,

but she wanted to see him again; she wanted to get some definite appointment.

About 11 o'clock on Tuesday, 3d inst., the Rev. Mr. Hayden stopped at the Stannard homestead, and asked for a glass of water. The spring was a long distance from the house; it is believed he knew Mary would run, as she always did, to fetch it. Instead of waiting at the house he followed her. What passed between them there Mary never told. She came back somewhat flushed and only said to her sister that she had an appointment with Mr. Hayden, and was going to meet him at Fox Lodge.

THE RENDEZVOUS IS A LONELY PLACE.

Swamps lie on one side of it and thick forests on the other. Near is a pasture, so rough that only blackberries grow in it.

Immediately after dinner Mary took a pail, and, tying a straw sunshade on her head, started down the road. The last that her people saw of her alive was the picture she made as she entered the woodland beyond the house, swinging her pail, with her bright calico dress flitting through the underbrush. Her father thought it very strange when three o'clock came and Mary had not returned. At four o'clock he began to get nervous, and at five o'clock started for the blackberry pasture to look for her. She was not there. Then he hunted in earnest, and called with all his power. At length, in crossing a little footpath, he thought he saw the bright colors of a dress some distance down, and before he got to the object saw that it was Mary lying prone on the ground. He called her, and she did not answer. Then he rushed down the path and saw at the first glance the wound in the neck. It was not large—such a cut as a penknife might have made. He seized her hands and they were stone cold. She must have been dead some hours. Her hands were folded over her breast; her clothing was not disarranged, and there was not a sign of a struggle anywhere. He ran back for help, and the neighbors whom he brought with him took the body home, and then looked carefully around for the weapon. They could find none, but did observe such traces as led them to believe that the murder was committed elsewhere and then the body dragged to the by path and carefully arranged where found. Some of the neighbors whispered that

MARY HAD COMMITTED SUICIDE.

Others, however, asked at once who folded her arms upon her breast, who struck her the blow on top of the head, and where did she get the bruises on her wrist. Satisfied that it was a murder, they first thought of traps, but traps are seldom seen there, and, moreover, there was no evidence of the other crime, to commit which traps sometimes murder. Moreover, in Mary's pocket there were found articles that suggested that she was about to commit a crime upon herself. Then Mary's sister told the story of her expected interview with the pastor, and of his alleged relations with the dead girl.

Mr. Hayden is the popular pastor of the Madison Methodist Church—a stern man and especially severe, it has been noticed, upon the lusts of the flesh. He is eloquent and a stirring camp meeting speaker. The suspicions against him it was hard to entertain, but the circumstantial evidence to corroborate the sister's statement was strong. The town authorities decided to hold a post-mortem examination, and an officer visited Mr. Studley in Guilford. The officer came back, saying that Mr. Studley corroborated the sister's story as Mary had told it to him. Then Mrs. Mills told the authorities that she was near the fatal spot with her son on Tuesday afternoon, and heard shrieks, and she told her son that the voice sounded like Mary Stannard's. When Dr. Mathewson announced the result of the post-mortem it only increased the mystery. He said that Mary had been

DECEIVED ABOUT HER CONDITION.

She was not about to become a mother, but the examination showed that the stab in the neck had severed the carotid artery and jugular vein; that there was a jagged hole in the skull, and many bruises on the wrists and hands. These latter indicate a severe struggle, while the wound on the head would have produced insensibility, and, of course, that in the neck instant death.

All of these facts were testified to before a Coroner's jury which sat on the 5th, after Mary's funeral. This was held in the Methodist Church, and the Rev. Mr. Hayden was present, although another pastor officiated. "If there are any other clergymen present," said the officiating, "I invite them to assist me in the exercises." Every eye was turned upon the Rev. Mr. Hayden, but he did not stir, and he drove away as soon as the service was over. The Coroner's jury speedily returned a verdict of murder by unknown persons. There was not evidence strong enough to accuse Mr. Hayden at the time, but the feeling in the community grew stronger against him. On the following morning, however, the officials obtained some new evidence, and obtained a warrant for the minister's arrest. They found him in Rockland. "It is our duty to arrest you, Mr. Hayden," they said as he came to the door.

"Have you the papers," he asked, without changing color.

The warrant was shown him, he looked at it, made some unemphatic sound, and asked to change his clothes. When he started for Madison, where the Justice holds court, he wore a dark ministerial coat, and white neck tie. He said but little, excepting to insist upon his innocence, and when he reached the office of the Justice he asked that his examination might be postponed until Monday, 9th inst., when he thought he

COULD ESTABLISH AN ABSOLUTE ALIBI.

After his arrest Hayden was not taken to prison like an ordinary person charged with such a heinous crime, but by some singular leniency was placed in the nominal custody of a Mr. Miner, a resident of Madison, a member of the accused man's congregation and a warm friend and partisan of the preacher. He appeared to come and go at his pleasure, as though no such dreadful charge hung over his head, could be seen taking his ease in a hammock in front of his alleged custodian's house, and astounded our representative, on his arrival in the town, by the spectacle of a man supposed to be under arrest for a most frightful murder lounging about the station, coolly enjoying a cigar and taking apparently merely the ordinary country idler's interest in the coming and going trains, and free, to all appearances, from any manner of restraint.

The arrest of Hayden was effected by Deputy Sheriff Hull, of Madison, in a store in the latter town. When Hayden was arrested he had with him a valise containing a change of underclothing and a large knife, the latter of which was sent to a chemical expert for examination. Sheriff Hull said to him, "I will take charge of this," at which a marked change in his countenance was noticed, and he appeared for the first time to be

SENSIBLE OF HIS POSITION.

Hull exhibited no little energy and determination in making the arrest, especially in the face of the singular indisposition, generally apparent, not to interfere with the reverend gentleman whether guilty or innocent.

To Mr. Hull our warm thanks are due for special courtesies extended to our representative in his efforts to obtain correct information of the tragedy and sketches in connection with it, under the difficulties of the apathy and phenomenal know-nothingism of the majority of the residents. In this place we may add that the GAZETTE was the only journal of any of the large cities that was actually represented at the scene of the murder, which accounts for the many glaring inaccuracies in the reports of our contemporaries, obtained chiefly at a distance and from the wild and conflicting statements of the people of the vicinity.

It is a notable fact that, however great the confidence of Mr. Hayden's partisans in his innocence, or whatever may be the result of his trial, the family of the murdered girl express no doubt in regard to it and are extremely

BITTER IN THEIR FEELINGS

towards the accused pastor.

A dramatic episode occurred during the visit of our representative to the family at their humble residence, while in conversation with a sister of the victim on this subject. She is a very pretty girl, and exhibits, both in her features and in her conversation, an intelligence much beyond her opportunities. In speaking of Mr. Hayden, his relations to her sister and the question of his guilt, she endeavored for a time to keep her feelings under control, but the bitter recollections surging in her thoughts overpowered her, and springing to her feet, her brilliant dark eyes flashing with the intensity of her suppressed emotions and her hands clenched till the pink nails almost pierced the flesh, she hissed through her compressed teeth, "I could hang him," with a passionate force that

THRILLED THE LISTENER

and would have thrown the most eminent of our emotional actresses into despair.

Mary is said, by those who now wish to lessen the enormity of the crime, to have been a half-witted girl. Those who knew her best say that, while not intellectual, she was far from stupid. Some say, too, that she was a girl who cared nothing for her reputation, and that the sins that have been discovered were only a small part of those committed. This is indignantly denied. Her friends say that while she did fall two years ago it was only after her love had been gained and she was shamefully deserted. Even then, knowing that her lover had cast her off, she still was faithful, and even when in the sorrows of maternity, though pressed to do so, refused to reveal the name of her betrayer, and has never done so. She simply said, "I will protect him, any way."

Since then, until, as she said, she met her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Hayden, her life has been pure, and she has honorably tried to atone for her error.

The sorrow of her father, poor charcoal burner and farmer on scrubby land though he is, seems to be deep but not ostentatious. While the younger sister is almost crazed with grief, they cannot resist the belief that the Rev. Mr. Hayden murdered her to avoid the exposure of his sin with her. But when the father, an old man, heard that he was suspected by some of the vil-

lagers as the murderer, he asked whether his present sorrow was not

ENOUGH WITHOUT THIS CHARGE.

From Mr. Hayden's house there is a clear roadway to within a hundred feet of the spring. This is a bubbling, boiling pool, where the water is cool the year round. Both Mr. Hayden and Mr. Stannard had depended upon it for drinking water, and it was here that many said she often secretly met the Rev. Mr. Hayden by appointment. The spring is surrounded by dense woodland that extends to the little farm house of the Stannards. Not a dozen persons pass there a day, and no one can see the spring from the road. It has been thought strange that Mr. Hayden should stop at the Stannard house to ask for water when he knew where the spring was, and that he would have to pass it on his way home. Mary's sister thinks that Mary understood the suggestion as a hint that the minister wanted to see her alone, for she instantly left her work and started for the spring, followed by him. When Mary returned, the sister says that she knew something had happened, and when the two sisters were alone, Mary—said with some show of pleasure, that Mr. Hayden was going to keep his word, and had asked her to meet him at Fox Lodge that very afternoon. More than that Mary would not say.

On Monday, 9th inst., the preliminary examination of the accused man was begun in the basement of the Congregational Church at South Madison, the room being known as the Town Hall.

Mr. Hayden arose early, and after uniting fervently in family prayers at the house of his keeper, Captain Miner, he waited patiently for the sheriff to come and take him to the Town Hall. Meanwhile a curious throng had assembled in front of Captain Miner's house. To these Mr. Hayden bowed pleasantly as he stepped lightly from the house to the buggy. His manner was

WHOLLY UNCONCERNED.

A clerical-looking gentleman shook hands with him rather ostentatiously at the Town Hall entrance, and, linking arms with him, walked down the main aisle of the large and densely packed room.

Mr. Hayden's face, at first sight, is not unprepossessing. It is thin and hatchet-like below the eyebrows, but above bulges almost abnormally.

His clerical training has left the usual indelible marks in expression and manner. A pointed goatee gave him opportunity to use his hands in stroking it when, as occurred several times during the examination,

HE BECAME VERY NERVOUS.

The father of the murdered girl was the first witness called. He testified in a nervous way to the fact of finding the body as already stated.

Dr. Mathewson, of Durham, who conducted the post-mortem examination, was next called. His opinion was that Mary had been knocked down and then stabbed.

Susan Hawley, a half-sister, testified to the fact of Mr. Hayden's call at the house to get a drink, on Tuesday morning, but told nothing not previously reported, but all relating to Mary's confiding to her the story of her intimacy with Mr. Hayden was ruled out. The examination was then adjourned to Thursday.

The feature of that day was the examination of Benjamin Stevens, the man upon whom the defense has sought to throw suspicion of the murder. His story, however, was so consistent and unbroken by cross-examination that even the defense are disposed to doubt his connection with the murder.

Mrs. Mills, a nervous old lady, testified that on the afternoon of the murder she heard a scream as of

SOME ONE IN ABJECT TERROR.

It came from just the direction where the body was found, and when she was told that Mary Stannard had been found dead there, she said at once, "That was Mary's dying scream that I heard," and it had rung in her ears ever since. Mrs. Mills wept as she said this.

Dr. P. A. Jewett, of New Haven, a medical expert, said that the wound in the neck, in his opinion, had been made by a long, thin blade like that of a penknife, and he judged that the blow had been aimed by some one acquainted with the locality of the veins.

Judge Harrison put forth and Mr. Jones objected to the claim of the state for a further postponement of the case to allow of further examinations of the body of the victim.

Then Judge Harrison arose, his face very white, and said: "I must say further, to show that we are not trifling, that we have the knife taken from Mr. Hayden after his arrest. It has a blade precisely like that with which this wound has been inflicted. It is being subjected to the microscope by the Professor of Microscopy of the Yale Medical College. He has already examined it, and while he is not prepared to say without closer examination, in view of the importance of the testimony, that the stains on it are human blood, he is decidedly unprepared to say they are not human blood. We want that testimony."

The Court ordered the case continued to Friday.

Belligerent Brokers.

[Subject of Illustration.]
Soon after the second call in the Produce Exchange on the 6th inst., Mr. Anderson Fowler of Fowler Bros., 17 Broadway, and Mr. William G. Shaw of Marples & Shaw, 30 Whitehall street, met on the floor, and those near by heard Mr. Shaw ask, "Why did you send me that rude message to-day, sir?"

Mr. Fowler slid one hand into his pocket and replied: "I am not aware that I sent you a rude message, sir, but, on the contrary, I am under the belief that you sent me one, and for which you should apologise."

Mr. Shaw, unconsciously imitating Mr. Fowler's movement, said: "I called a margin on that contract and you didn't attend to it."

"You failed to notify us until it was too late," Mr. Fowler said, "and when you sent your man the second time, declaring we had been notified, I made the reply I did."

"My opinion," Mr. Shaw said contemptuously, "is you are an impertinent cur."

Mr. Fowler promptly knocked Mr. Shaw down.

Mr. Shaw, in falling, struck at Mr. Fowler, grazing his forehead, but not breaking the skin. Before the combatants could pummel each other several gentlemen interfered and separated them.

Several of the directors were on the floor, and they heard the conversation and saw the blow struck, and Mr. Shaw felt obliged to go before the Complaint Committee and prefer charges against Mr. Fowler.

Marples & Shaw deal in lard. Fowler Bros. are also dealers in lard, having one branch in England and one in the West. Marples & Shaw called on Fowler Bros. yesterday for a margin on a lard contract. Mr. Walker, who has charge of that branch of the business, said that it was too late, and that they had not been notified. Marples & Shaw's clerk returned soon afterward and saw Mr. Anderson Fowler, who reiterated what Mr. Walker had said. The clerk said that the notification had been sent by mail. Mr. Fowler said that the letter had not arrived. The clerk made some sharp remarks, and Mr. Fowler replied that Marples & Shaw might do what they liked about it, and that the fault did not lay with his firm. Both firms thought, evidently, that rude messages had been sent.

The Board found Mr. Fowler guilty and suspended him. The



THE NEW ORLEANS PARISH PRISON.

latter retaliated by charges against Mr. Shaw, which resulted similar in Mr. Shaw's suspension.

A Romantic Suicide.

[Subject of Illustration.]

MUSCATINE, Iowa, September 7.—About noon this city was horror-stricken by a murder and suicide. Yesterday morning Fred A. Zeak and Carrie E. Meyers came to this city. They were at Zeak's sister's this morning. Spent the morning in shopping and writing, and went up-stairs at eleven o'clock. There was no suspicion of anything wrong. A pistol-shot was heard, and soon after another. In going up-stairs both were found lying dead. Zeak lay with his left arm extended, and Carrie by his side, her head on his arm. A bullet had passed through her head. He was shot in the forehead. Both were dressed in new clean clothes—she with white kid slippers and he with embroidered slippers. Long pieces of white and black ribbons were tied about their arms, all of which were purchased to-day.

Zeak had telegraphed from Leavenworth, Kansas, to a friend to meet him here on the 6th, and he and his lady friend went round to make the purchases. But the friend did not have his suspicions aroused. Upon examination it was found that Zeak must have shot Carrie, and then tried to shoot himself. Falling he removed the empty shell from the pistol, threw it on the floor, and then fired the fatal shot. An envelope was in Carrie's pocket containing the following letter, which explain the cause of this wonderfully deliberate and well-executed suicide. The victims were respectively twenty-nine and twenty-four years old. Zeak has always borne a good character, and had many relations here:

"MUSCATINE CITY, Iowa, September 7, 1878.
"I and Miss Carrie E. Meyers expect to end our lives to-day. This is our troubles: In March, 1877, Sadie F. Carpenter swore a bastard child on me, which God knows, and I know, it is not mine, although I had no way to defend myself. Under Kansas State laws. I have never lived with her, thinking I could obtain a divorce from her; but it seems impossible to get a divorce from her; so I have made up my mind not to be troubled the way I have been for nearly three years. This young lady and I have been engaged for nearly three years, and she is determined to go with me, and begs me to take her with me, which I intend to do. I don't think it will be wrong for me to do so, as she wishes me to. I know it will seem like a terrible thing to the public, but we are both willing to leave this troublesome world. My place of business is in Kansas City. Since I left Columbus, Kansas, we have been determined to do this, providing I could not get a divorce, which proved in that way. Last week, when Sadie informed her she intended to torment me all she could if I did not live with her, which I would not do. Wishing her well hereafter and hoping she will never take the advantage of another man as she did with me, although she is not to blame; for I will tell the guilty parties. P. F. Shackle, J. Tompkins, Wm. McWilson—one of these three is the father of that child, and to clear themselves they hired her the swear that child on me. This is truth. Of all my troubles I wish them all well.
F. A. ZEAK."

A Drunken Husband's Atrocity.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Sunday morning, 8th inst., shortly after 10 o'clock, Patrick Riley, residing at No. 35 Dean street, Brooklyn, came home drunk. His wife Mary having suffered frequently from his brutality, when he was under the influence of liquor, locked the door of her room. Riley ordered her to admit him but she refused. With an oath the man placed his shoulders against the door and burst it in.

"D—n your eyes, why didn't you open that door?" said Riley. "Because I've put up with enough from you when you were drunk," replied the woman, sturdily. Riley glared fiercely at his wife for a moment, then rushed on her and caught her around the waist.

"I'll show you who has the best right to these rooms," he shouted, and dragged her toward a window.

The woman resisted with all her strength, and shrieked frantically for help.



BELLIGERENT BROKERS—FISTIC AFFRAY BETWEEN MESSRS. FOWLER AND SHAW, IN THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE, NEW YORK CITY.

"Don't throw me out; don't for God's sake! Murder! Police!"

With a volley of oaths Riley dragged his victim forward, and then lifting her clear of the floor, hurled her through the open window. The woman gave a fearful shriek as she fell with a heavy, sickening thud on the flagged sidewalk nearly thirty feet below. She struck on one side of her head and shoulder, and lay there apparently dead. A large crowd of horrified spectators assembled quickly and followed Patrolman Fitzsimmons as that officer rushed up-stairs to arrest Riley. The officer found the man on the second floor, pale and trembling, and apparently sobered up. He submitted quietly to arrest, and was taken to the Third precinct station house, giving evidences of abject fear as the crowd following at his heels shouted "Hang him!"

The woman was taken in an unconscious condition to the Long Island Hospital. An examination of her injuries revealed the fact that, in addition to a fracture of the skull, she had sustained internal injuries of a very serious character. The probabilities are that she will die.

Riley is a laborer, 45 years of age, who, when sober, is an inoffensive man, if his neighbors are to be believed. It is said, however, that when drunk he has been in the habit of abusing his wife in a shameful manner.

A Beauty in Jockey Habit.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Placerville, Cal., *Republican* tells the following: There are two women in this city who have lately been practicing the art of riding on horseback astride, and one of them at least—we have not witnessed the performance of the other—does it very gracefully, and looks quite bewitching in her jockey habit. Her advent, of course, created something of a sensation. If the ladies by common consent would adopt that mode of riding horseback, we think it would be a sensible departure. The question now is, will women in male attire be permitted to compete at the Fair for premiums offered for the best lady riders?

At Grand Rapids, Michigan, on the 7th inst., Lewis Anthony, who shot Thomas Moran, was held for trial on a charge of shooting with intent to kill.



THRILLING ADVENTURE OF MESSRS. CAMERON AND DE JARNATT, WITH A FEROCIOUS GRIZZLY, IN THE COAST RANGE MOUNTAINS, CAL.—See Page 12.

Practical Joke of Two Tramps.

Indianapolis, Ind., News: Flood and Bruce are peripatetic printers, widely known. They have a habit of turning up here and elsewhere when least expected, coming without warning and departing even as the wind. By a rare chance they have just been heard from at Danville, Ill., tramping from St. Louis, and headed in this direction. They came within view of that city last Sunday, weary with travel and sorely hungered. The road they came has been over-worked. The erstwhile hospitable farmer now sets his dog upon the wayfarer instead of welcoming him to his family. Through this departure from the customs of the fathers, they walked and ate not. Thoroughly discouraged at their repeated failures to procure food, they yet concluded to make one more trial on this beautiful Sunday morning, and cautiously entered the yard of a decent farm-house, peering about them to see that Towser did not come suddenly around a corner. They knocked on the front door; no response. At the side door; no answer. They went in. There was not a soul at home. A fable spread, and a most substantial meal was before them. It was like a dream from the Arabian Nights. The dinner was, doubtless awaiting the return of the family from church. The pedestrians fell to, and their knives and forks soon smoked with the friction of execution. To say that they fared sumptuously would convey no idea of the amount they ate nor the intense satisfaction with which the viands were received. As they were finishing the feast a knock was heard. Bruce, with unparalleled cheek, went to the door. There stood two other tramps, who asked for something to eat. Bruce, in a rare spirit of mischief, questioned them closely regarding their travels, and finally asked if they would chop wood for their dinners. They answered yes. He then took them to the woodpile that he had noticed in the rear of the house and they went to work. Bruce and Flood, filling their pockets with victuals, stole out the side way from the house and went to a neighboring hill, where they had a full view of the woodpile and the toiling tramps. There they gloated over the picture. To make their measure of enjoyment run over, the owner of the farm-house, with several daughters and two stalwart sons, arrived on the scene, the devastation of the dinner was discovered and the two sweating tramps seized as the depredators. All was seen by the two on the hill, from the arrival of the family to the ignominious expulsion of the wood-cutters. Of the deceived and injured tramps the story saith nothing.



MISS MARY E. STANNARD, VICTIM OF THE TERRIBLE TRAGEDY AT MADISON, CONN.—SEE PAGE 3.

An Alaskan Indian Tragedy.

Klawock Cannery, Prince of Wales Island, Alaska, August 12.—A terrible tragedy was enacted at the Indian village at this place a few days ago. An Indian was sitting alone in his wigwam, meditating, perhaps, upon the departed glories of his race, or, more likely, upon the

increasing obstacles in the way of obtaining a supply of the inspiring "hoochenoo," when a young married woman entered from a neighboring lodge, and, thinking the brave was asleep at an unreasonable hour, she gave him a smart push, which threw him over against somebody or other which cut his face, causing a flow of

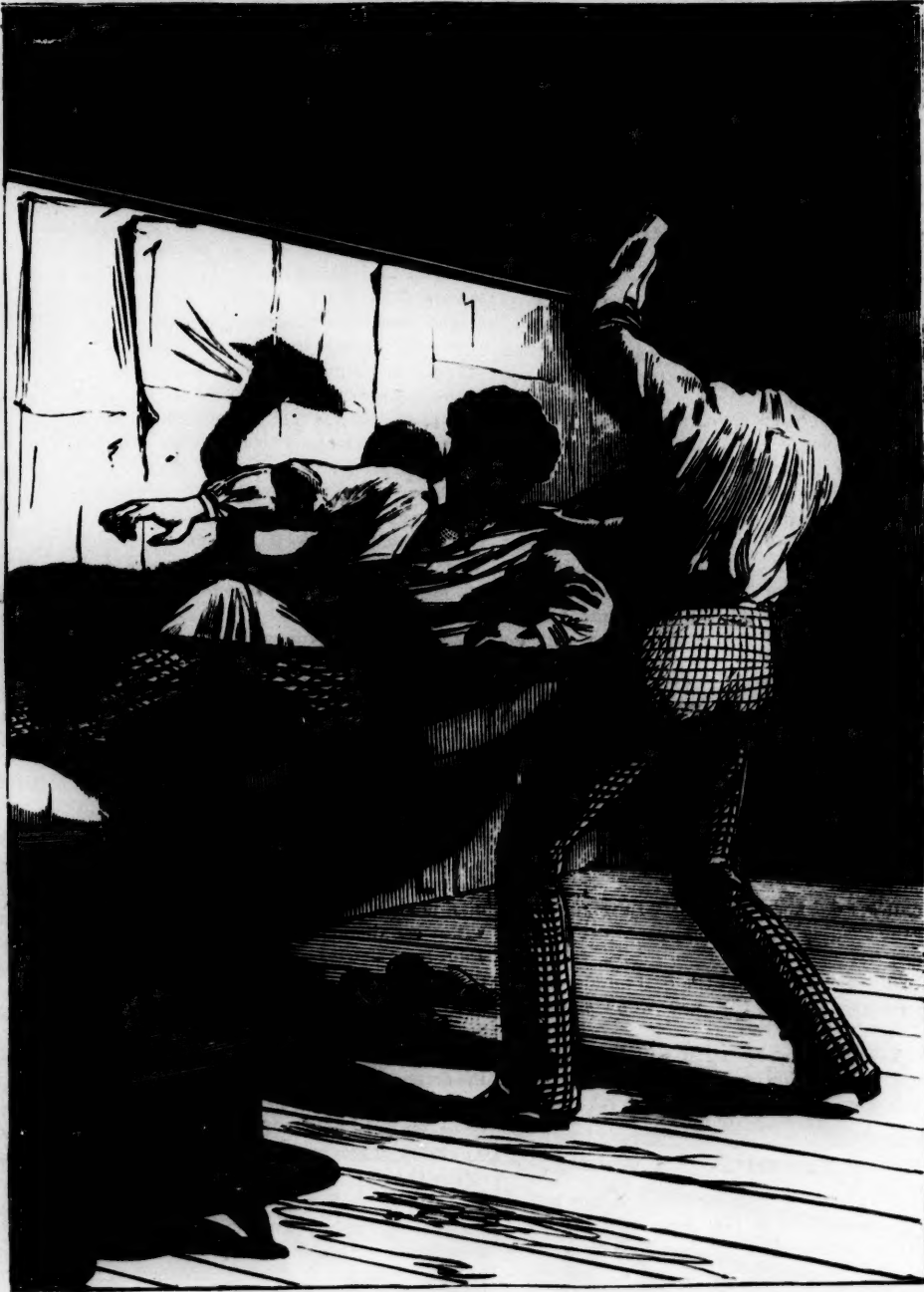
blood. The brave muttered a curse, and the woman quickly retreated, thinking but little of the accident, for an accident it was, so far as the trifling injury went. Nothing further transpired that evening, the damaged warrior remaining indoors nursing his anger. The following morning, when the woman and her husband were quietly eating their breakfast of dried salmon, and anticipating no harm, the wounded man walked into their hut, raised his rifle and sent a bullet crashing through the skull of the man. He then rushed upon the woman, whipped a huge knife from his belt, ripped her open, and leaving husband and wife dead upon the floor, quietly walked back to his own cabin and closed and barred the door. The murder created a violent commotion in the Indian village as well as in the campery. An Indian council was held and a death sentence passed upon the murderer. Luckily for the cause of justice in such cases, there are no courts of appeal in this region to retard the prompt and merited execution of a red-handed murderer, but in this case there was the barrier of a strongly-barred door, with a desperate and well-armed man on the inner side.

Urgent appeals were made to the criminal to open the door and come out and be shot; all of which he respectfully declined. Fearing that he would escape in the night, a close watch and guard were kept upon the hut, the whole settlement being on the qui vive all night, expecting the shooting to come off every moment. At ten o'clock the next morning the captain announced that he was ready. He unbarred his door and stalked out, gorgeously robed in a flaming red blanket, his head resplendent with pitch and feathers, and his rifle upon his shoulder. Giving a few directions to his executioners, he stepped forward a few paces, whirled through a wardance, fired his rifle into the air, and fell dead, pierced by twenty bullets. As the Indian code exacts a life for a life, the friends of the murdered woman demanded the sacrifice of a woman belonging to the family of the murderer—a brutal proposition which the cannery men determined should not be permitted, so they bought the woman off with blankets and hoochenoo. The remains of the murderer and his victims were cremated, and Indian life resumed its usual monotonous routine.

OMAHA, Neb., September 7.—As the result of a quarrel over a game of pin pool, this afternoon, James G. Burke, a gambler, shot Morris Well, a Texas cattle man, in the heart, killing him almost instantly.



FRANCISCO OTARD'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM ASSASSINATION BY ELIZA AVERY, HIS DISCARDED AND INFURIATED MISTRESS, IN NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 13.



MURDER OF LOUIS LEBLANC, A CUBAN TAILOR, BY JOSE SUAREZ, A DESTITUTE COUNTRYMAN, TO WHOM HE HAD GIVEN SHELTER, IN PHILADELPHIA.—SEE PAGE 11.

VALE VOSBURGH.

Another Unfortunate Clerical Gentleman Yields to the Exigencies of the Case.

END OF THE CHAPTER

Of a Strange Story, Wherein Religion is Mingled With the Worst Passions of the Human Heart

IN A DEMONIAC MELANGE.

Every pew in the spacious Madison Avenue Baptist Church, Jersey City, was occupied on Sunday evening, 8th inst. It was understood that the pastor, the Rev. George B. Vosburgh, was to offer his resignation, and many besides the regularly attending members were there. Side by side with Deacon Bumstead, in his pew, in a conspicuous position near the centre aisle, sat Mrs. Vosburgh. She sat in the same pew in the morning service. What her purpose is in visiting Jersey City at this time her husband's friends say they do not know, and she will not tell. Some say that she is dissatisfied with the arrangements entered into between herself and her husband at the time they separated, and that she is in Jersey City now to take legal steps to secure a maintenance. Others say she returned to witness what her family regard as a defeat for her husband and a triumph for themselves. Her features, formerly sharpened by sickness, have become rounded, and her eyes are sparkling with health. She is staying with Deacon Bumstead's family.

On a stand beside the pulpit stood a basket of flowers, and on the pulpit was a bouquet of lilies and roses. The pastor prayed that he and his congregation, in spite of storms of trouble, might have their hearts quieted and subdued, and that they might be taught

HOW TO BE MAGNANIMOUS.

The choir and congregation sang a hymn ending with the couplet:

A safe defense, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

In his sermon, Mr. Vosburgh, urged his congregation to learn to differ like men, without fighting. He closed the sermon with an invocation that their hearts might be made pure in joyful unity of peace.

Deacons Bumstead and Estey passed around the collection plates. Mr. Vosburgh rose, leaned over his pulpit, and, without preliminary remarks, read the announcement of his resignation as pastor of the church and his reasons therefor.

A profound silence was maintained in the church during and after the reading of this letter. After he had read it, Mr. Vosburgh added a few remarks to the purport that his resignation was peremptory, and that he earnestly desired his friends in the church not to endanger its welfare by any unwise endeavor to reject it.

At the conclusion of the services a large number of the congregation stepped to the front of the platform and shook hands with Mr. Vosburgh.

To a reporter the pastor said that his feelings were fully expressed in his letter; he did not want to preach to

A DIVIDED CONGREGATION.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Vosburgh?"

"I'm going to take a rest, for I need it."

"Will the congregation be disturbed by your withdrawal from the pastorate?"

"I hope not." And then chimed in Mr. Davis, one of the leading members of the church, and one of Mr. Vosburgh's staunchest adherents:

"I just guess they will. I would like to bet that three-fourths of the congregation will go where George goes."

"Well, why don't he stick?"

"He's too high strung. There's an opposition against him, and though it's a minority he won't stay, because he thinks a divided church is worse than useless. Wait till he comes back from his vacation and you'll see that we'll take away three-fourths of the congregation."

"Keep quiet, Davis; will you?" Said Mr. Vosburgh.

Mr. Davis did keep quiet just at that time, but after the evening service he said to the reporter:

"Just you come around the first Sunday night after George leaves, and you won't find fifty people in the house."

Mr. Vosburgh's resignation will not be considered until the church meeting on October 12 unless a special meeting is called to take action upon it.

Brutal Treatment of a Woman.

CINCINNATI, O., September 10.—Another brutal outrage, committed at the Newport ferry landing on this side of the river, has been brought to light, if the representations of an evidently respectable man bear any evidence. Mr. James Shields, employed at Maue's tailoring establishment on Fifth street could not make much out of her. He applied for information to the people

at the fruit stand on the landing and was told by them that the woman had been beaten by one Hopper, a deck-hand on the ferryboat, but why he could not find out. The boat at the time was on the Kentucky side of the river, and says that on going to the landing about midnight Saturday he seen a middle-aged woman lying on the float all torn and bleeding and almost unconscious. He tried to find out from her the cause of her condition, but as she could speak but very little English, and while waiting for the boat to cross, Mr. Shields tried to talk with the woman. She could not say much, and presented a pitiable appearance, her clothing being all torn, her face bleeding and blackened, where she said the man had thrown her down on a coal pile on the boat, and her neck swollen and bearing the marks of a brutal choking. She described the man who abused her as being a lame man—which description applies to Hopper—but could not say why she had been ill-treated.

On the arrival of the boat on this side the woman said she wanted to be taken over to Newport. Mr. Shields tried to have her taken on board and offered to pay her fare over. The boat people wouldn't allow her on board, and Hopper, the deck-hand, dragged her off the float and left her lying on the landing. Mr. Shields went aboard and appealed to the captain, when the man Hopper and the engineer and the pilot came up to him in a threatening manner and wanted to know what he was meddling with their business for. John Hopper, Mr. Shields says, shook his fist in his face and threatened to treat him like the woman. In the meantime the boat left the landing and the woman behind. After she had left the dock the engineer, according to Mr. Shields' statement, wanted him to go forward till he would lick him for his interference. Finally the captain ordered all three of the hands forward and put an end to the row, but what became of the injured woman is not known.

A SANGUINARY STORY.

Frightful Record of Horrible Crimes in the Islands of the South Pacific.

A correspondent writes from Papeete, Tahiti, as follows: We have startling and bloody news from the island groups to the north and south of us. The details of a fearful tragedy which occurred on Penrhyn Island have just reached here, the victim being a prominent and respected sea captain of this place. Last spring Captain Mangles started out on a cruise and arrived safely at Penrhyn, where he went ashore to do some trading. Accomplishing his purpose, he was about to go on board his vessel when some natives, under the influence of liquor, attempted to prevent him. Captain Mangles, conscious that he had given them no offense, protested against the action of the natives, which seemed only to enrage them. A number of them conferred together, and it seems plotted the life of their victim, for soon they made a furious onslaught upon him, one of them driving a large knife through his heart, which caused instant death. The Kanakas, without committing any violence on the body, fled to the most isolated region of the island, hoping to escape punishment for their bloody deed. But they were mistaken. The chiefs, learning of the inhuman tragedy assembled together and resolved to mete out speedy justice to the murderers, who were pursued and captured. They were tried for their crime, committed on the 16th of March, found guilty, and on the 23d of the same month, all were publicly hanged by the chiefs, who acted in person as judges in the case. This was pretty quick work, and the prompt punishment of the murderers has met the enthusiastic approval of all the natives on the island. The few whites on the island say that the trial was conducted in a fair and open manner, and the sentence was carried out with all the

SOLENNITY OF SEMI-BARBARIC LAW.

Mrs. Mangles, wife of the murdered man, was in another portion of the island stopping with some families of chiefs and patiently waiting the return of her husband, and when she learned that he had been brutally murdered her grief was heart-rending. The natives sympathized with her and did everything in their power to alleviate her great sorrow.

Another terrible tragedy has occurred on the Marquesas group of islands, in which a white man made a heroic fight for his life in a conflict with a cannibal chief. Everybody has heard of John Hart—at least everybody in the islands of the Pacific. He is an American by birth and one of the most enterprising men in the South Seas. He resides in the Marquesas Islands and does a large business with this place and San Francisco. He is the principal cotton planter and merchant on the group. During the month of March last he learned that a native chief, with a number of retainers, had gone on the war-path in the vicinity of one of his (Hart's) plantations and commenced work by raising the war-cry, "The Chinese must go!" an exclamation as frequent here now as the native salutation ya ra na (how do you do)? The chief's and followers drove the Celestials off, taking possession of all their earthly goods, and then commenced plundering elsewhere. At this juncture of affairs Mr. Hart put in an appearance, accompanied by

two other men. He sought out Teinai, the chief, to learn what he meant by his raid, but the chief doggedly refused to be interviewed. Hart and his friends knew that silence was ominous, and prepared to defend themselves, and none too soon, for the clicking of rifles was heard in the distance. Looking up Hart saw Teinai at a short distance surrounded by other natives, all evidently determined to

MAKE HIM THEIR GAME.

Seeing the chief raise his rifle and taking aim at him, Hart, as quick as a flash, drew his revolver and shot Teinai dead, the cannibal leader falling as if he had been struck by lightning. His followers started as if thunderstruck, leaving the body of the dead chief where it fell. The life of this noted villain was marked by a career of crime and murder which if properly and fully written would place him in the front rank of the greatest criminals of this or any age of the past. In a spirit of revenge and for the purpose of gaining power, he murdered his own father and an uncle in one night, and next morning he grasped the reins of power and boasted of his bloody deeds. In his lifetime he assassinated besides seven prominent natives, among them three chiefs, claiming that he had done so in self-defense. But the most horrible portion of the record is that this inhuman brute is credited with having feasted on his father's flesh, and with actually making a banquet of the choicest morsels of both father and uncle. The report seems to be almost incredible, but the natives and whites who knew him well say that he was capable of anything, as he had a nature which seemed to contain the spirit of a fiend incarnate.

The elements of nature, too, seem to be in a ferocious mood. Since the great tornado that swept over the Pomotu Islands, series of gales and semi-tidal waves have been experienced around various groups. One vessel was compelled to beat around Penrhyn Island for thirty-five days, a living gale of wind blowing most of the time and the sea breaking fearfully across all the passages leading to anchoring points. The waves rolled mountains high and as if they would sweep over the land with

TERRIBLE DEVASTATION.

Several natives who ventured out in canoes perished and their dead bodies were washed on shore to be mangled to atoms on the coral reefs. At the island of Tupai (Toobai), famous in the history of the mutineers of the Bounty, the weather was so tempestuous that no vessel had been able to anchor there for nearly two months. The sea rolled in enormous waves resembling tidal waves, and it was certain death for any vessel to come within their power. A private letter from Taicha, in the Marquesas, says that they are having and have had terrible weather there, nothing like it being known in the history of the place, torrents of rain, fierce squalls and semi-tempests alternating with each other. The natives think in their superstition that something awful is going to follow this raging of the elements.

There is a steady influx of Chinamen not only to this point but to the various groups elsewhere. They have already taken foothold on the Marquesas, and have there been the cause of serious trouble. A few Celestial pioneers have gone to the Four Kingdoms, and others have gone to Rorastonga to spy out the land. Where one Chinaman goes another is sure to follow, and finally they become numerous enough to create alarm. This place has a large colony, and opium dens are in full blast. The natives are getting into the debasing habit of opium smoking, and they now prefer this terrible intoxication to that arising from liquors. Most of our Chinamen come from San Francisco and the minority of them from the Sandwich Islands, where they were coolies on the sugar plantations. The Samoan Islands and other groups south and west of us get their Chinamen from Australia. Wherever they go they have a demoralizing influence on the natives, and invariably teach both men and women to indulge in the debasing opium habit, and other vile practices which cannot be mentioned.

A Nevada Saloon-Keeper's Luck.

VIRGINIA CITY, Nev., September 9.—A few months ago a man owing a saloon-keeper in this city \$50 for liquor offered him one hundred shares of Bodie stock in payment, remarking that it was the best he could do. The saloon-keeper "scoured" considerably, but took the stock, valued then at forty cents a share, and gave it to his wife. On the 12th of June he noticed that Bodie was quoted at \$3 per share, and concluded to sell. He asked his wife about the stock, and she looked over a lot of old papers, but was unable to find it. Meanwhile the price went up higher every day, and when it reached \$25, the husband and wife were nearly crazy because they couldn't find the stock. And still it went up a dollar or two, and the higher it went the madder the unhappy pair grew. One day the husband noticed his little boy working on a kite. He had finished pasting the paper over the frame and was about to paste some "pretty pictures" on the face of the kite when his father came along. A hasty glance showed the old man that the pretty pictures were his lost Bodie stock. He sold his 100 shares that very day and cleaned up \$3,500.

THE SANDUSKY LYNCHING.

Further Details of the Summary Disposal of a Black Rape Fiend by a Mob of Enraged Citizens.

SANDUSKY, O., September 8.—Alice O'Donnell was a servant employed by A. K. West of Washington street. Mrs. West was away from home on Monday evening last, and Alice prepared the supper table, and stepped out upon the porch. Mrs. West returned home at about 6 o'clock, but could not find Alice about the premises. Rain began to fall at about the same time, and it was supposed that the girl had gone out unprepared for the storm and would return as soon as it had cleared. But she did not come home that night. In the morning Mrs. West became alarmed for her safety and made inquiries for her at her sister's, but neither they nor any of her relatives had seen her. The police were notified and a thorough search made, with no result, except the discovery in the stable on the premises of Mr. West, of a club stained with blood and drops of blood on the stairway leading to the hay loft. William Taylor, a negro employed by Mr. West, was suspected of having murdered the girl, and he was arrested on Tuesday evening.

The city marshal was convinced that Taylor knew what had become of the girl and tried every means to induce him to confess without success until Wednesday afternoon, when the negro said that he went into the barn at about twenty minutes to 6 o'clock and saw Alice lying on the floor

WITH HER THROAT CUT.

His first thought was to give an alarm, but it instantly occurred to him that he would be suspected, so he hitched up the horses, put the body in the buggy, drove within a short distance of the village of Venice, and threw the body over the fence. On his return he washed himself and removed all the blood stains.

Officers went direct to the spot indicated by Taylor, and in a fence corner found the body of the girl with her throat cut nearly from ear to ear and her skull fractured.

It became known on Wednesday that the negro had confessed, and so much excitement arose, with loud and determined threats of lynching, that the sheriff became alarmed, and undertook to remove his prisoner to the county jail. He was, however, intercepted by a mob, and the negro forcibly taken from him.

The crowd tied the negro's arms and dragged him nearly a mile, to the public square, kicking and beating him on the way, and at one time stopping and jumping upon him. Arrived at the square, a rope was thrown over a lamp-post, and without a moment's preparation the negro was hanged. The mob then dispersed, and the officers of the law cut the body down.

A meeting of the members of the bar was held on Thursday evening, and resolutions were adopted recommending the arrest and punishment of the rioters. A meeting of citizens was held, but there was so much excitement that no end could be reached.

A BITTER FEELING STILL EXISTS.

The coroner's investigation into the death of Taylor, for the purpose of ascertaining who the lynchors are, was concluded last night. Great difficulty was experienced in obtaining evidence as all the parties summoned as witnesses seemed determined not to implicate any one in the crime. Only one man has been identified as being an active participant in the lynching. Indications are that the coroner will return a verdict that the evidence is insufficient to warrant further proceedings, and that the whole matter will be referred to the Grand Jury for the October term Common Pleas Court, before whom witnesses can testify without fear of violence at the hands of lynchors and friends.

The mob held a meeting yesterday and resolved to resist to the death any attempt to arrest the lynchors. A citizens' meeting was held yesterday in the park, at which a resolution declaring that lynchors should be punished was read, but was hooted down by the rabble. The citizens, however, appointed a committee of three to lay the matter before the Grand Jury, employ counsel and take all the necessary steps to insure the conviction and punishment of the lynchors. The law-abiding people here are determined that justice shall be done; that an example shall be made at all hazards of every man whom it is possible to identify with the mob proceedings of Wednesday. The lynchors and their friends indulge in much incendiary and insurrectionary talk, and swear that if the Citizens' Committee carry out their purpose that the riotous proceedings of Wednesday will pale into insignificance in comparison with what will follow the first attempt to bring the lynchors to justice. The people of this county feel deeply the disgrace brought upon them by a few irresponsible men who were ringleaders of Wednesday's mob.

Hardin, the Desperado.

HOUSTON, Texas, September 10.—Monday next the notorious desperado and murderer of John Wesley Hardin goes to Comanche county to receive his ridiculous sentence of twenty-five years. A heavy guard of state troops will accompany him to prevent lynching.

A CALLOW CUT-THROAT.

The Brutal Murder of Old Jacob Klosen, in Detroit, and its Youthful Perpetrator.

A GRADUATE IN CRIME.

He Takes his Degree at a Reform School and Begins Life with the Massacre of his Grandfather

FOR A PALTRY SUM OF MONEY.

(Subject of Illustration.)
(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)
DETROIT, Mich., September 6.—A terrible murder was committed in this vicinity last Sunday morning, the victim being an old man seventy-two years of age, named Jacob Klosen, and the supposed culprit, his grandson, a boy of seventeen. The house in which Klosen lived, and in which the deed was committed, is a small, old log cabin, distant about six miles from the City Hall, on Michigan avenue. The cabin contains one large room and a kitchen down-stairs, and a small chamber above; and there, in the large lower room, throughout Sunday night, curious crowds gazed upon all that remained of old Jacob Klosen. His body lay stretched upon a rude litter of boards, with burning candles and crosses at his head, and his upturned face revealing the ghastly wound that caused his death.

It appears that last Saturday Klosen came to town to transact some business, and returning home at about six o'clock in the evening slightly inebriated—having drunk too freely of his favorite beverage, lager beer—threw himself, without undressing, upon the bed in the large room down-stairs.

It will be necessary to digress for a short space to introduce young Chris Brattenbach, the SUSPECTED MURDERER.

Chris is the illegitimate son of Lizzie Klosen, a daughter of the murdered man, and has been wild and reckless from his earliest boyhood, dead to all sense of duty, and careless of the good opinion of any one. He has frequently threatened to kill his mother's husband, not his own father, against whom he appears to bear an inveterate hatred. He was recently discharged from the Reform School, when he immediately came to Klosen's house and stayed there a few days, behaving himself pretty well, but refusing to do any kind of work. Last Friday night he came to the city and stayed with John Klosen, a son of the old man, residing on Ash street, and while there declared his intention of killing his mother's husband, but said nothing respecting his grandfather. Early Saturday morning he started off, saying he was going to see his grandfather.

The old man had in the house the sum of \$30, and being fearful of its safety while his grandson was about, had removed it from the house, had removed it from a place where he had secreted it. Young Chris having discovered the hiding place and put it in the inner pocket of his coat.

On the night of the murder, Chris, who had previously slept in the barn, asked Mrs. Klosen, wife of the murdered man, to allow him to sleep in the house, and received her permission to bring some hay from the barn and make himself a bed in the kitchen, which he did. The old lady then went up-stairs to bed without disturbing her husband, who was sleeping soundly. About 11 o'clock she

AWOKE FROM A FEARFUL DREAM and found it impossible to compose herself to sleep again, so she sat up all night, but did not go down-stairs. At last, however, her sense of loneliness so overcame her, that she went down-stairs with the intention of waking her husband. Upon shaking him, and failing to elicit a response, she became frightened and striking a light, was confronted by the horrible sight of her husband foully murdered, his head revealing a large and gaping wound, and covered with clotted blood, as was also the pillow, bed-clothes and floor in the vicinity. Glancing towards the corner where she had left her grandson, she found he was gone. The poor, decrepit, half-blind old woman then hobbled to the nearest neighbor's and gave the alarm.

The theory of the crime is that the young fiend had murder in his mind as he lay on the hay Saturday night. He did not go to sleep, but waiting until Mrs. Klosen was well out of the way, crept softly out of bed to the woodpile where he procured the ax, with which weapon the murder was undoubtedly committed. It was found by an officer next day stained with blood with GRAY HAIRS STILL CLINGING TO ITS BLADE.

After committing the deed and securing the \$30 which was on Klosen's person, the murderer walked to the city. This must have been about 8 in the evening. At 9:45 he arrived at the general store of Peter Rath, on Michigan avenue, four miles from his starting point, and two from the city. After haggling a little about the price, he bought a revolver and a box of cartridges for

\$9.50. From there he went on to the store of Mrs. Klawler, close by, where he purchased a fifty-cent shirt. The lady clerk who waited on Breitenbach told a reporter that the murderer, whom she knew well, appeared very much excited, was covered with perspiration and in a terrible hurry. He told her he wanted to take the train, and exhibited a large roll of greenbacks. Mr. Louis Lony, proprietor of a brickyard on Michigan avenue, near the first toll-gate, states that on Sunday he saw young Breitenbach in the woods near his (Lony's) house, and that he was well dressed. Conflicting accounts are given concerning his present whereabouts. The probability is, however, that he is either in the woods or in Canada. Skillful officers are on the track of the offender, and there is but little doubt that an early day will see him brought to justice.

Jacob Klosen, the murdered man, was seventy-two years of age, and notwithstanding his years was an unusually powerful man. He came to this country forty years ago. He had lived on his Springwells farm for twenty-two years, and was a very quiet and peaceable man, even when under the influence of liquor. He leaves five children—three boys and two girls, all grown up and married.

Aggravated Murder Case.

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)
MOUND CITY, Ark., September 2.—A most cold blooded and revolting murder occurred at this place on the evening of the 27th ult. The facts are as follows: A man named Ralph Hathaway having a wife and almost grown family, who make their home at Bartlett, Tenn., has for the last three or four years been keeping a kind of store and whisky shop at this point.

The house occupied by Hathaway was a large rickety wooden structure of the tumble down order, in which there are several rooms, mostly occupied by the worst and most dissolute class of colored people.

One room, however, was occupied by a poor, but honest white man, named Edson, whose family consisted of his wife and sister-in-law. Hathaway seduced Edson's wife, and a fellow named Alsbrook, Hathaway's nephew, seduced the sister-in-law. They have all been living together in the same house, Edson on several occasions warning Hathaway to leave his wife alone. On the evening of the 27th ult., between 7 and 8 o'clock, Edson was sitting in the front door of the house, Alsbrook and both women being in the room at the time, when Hathaway walked in by a back door, pulled out a revolver, and asked Edson if he had a pistol, who answered no. Hathaway immediately commenced firing on the man from behind, shooting him three times, and killing him almost immediately.

The dead body was then thrown out of doors and left lying there until some negroes came and reported the murder to the authorities. Hathaway slipped out and made his escape in the darkness and is still in the brush. The officers are on his track, and no doubt he will be caught. Alsbrook and Edson's wife are under arrest.

Cruel and Cowardly Assassination.

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)
EASONVILLE, Ala., September 14.—On the 16th ult. Ira Harmon, Jr., while riding along the road near this place, came up with S. E. Carreker. After a short conversation the latter said to Harmon, "What are you mad at me about?" Harmon replied, "I am not mad at you; have nothing against you whatever." Carreker then said, "You are mad at Miles Spivy, my brother-in-law, and that is the same as me." He then commenced using very rough language to Harmon, after which he proposed to fight him. Harmon got a rock in each hand and started toward Carreker, when the latter said, "We have always been good friends; let us make up and go home together." Harmon agreed to this, and Carreker next proposed a friendly wrestle, to which also Harmon agreed. Harmon took off his hat and put it with his knife and pocketbook by the side of the road. He then started toward Carreker, and as soon as he got in reach of him Carreker stabbed him in the abdomen, cutting a gash about four inches long, letting his bowels out on the ground. The murderer then told him if he did not get out of the way; he would kill him on the spot. Harmon, desperately wounded as he was, gathered up his intestines with his hand and made his escape. Physicians were summoned immediately, but the case being a fatal one, they could do no good. The terribly wounded man lived about twenty hours after he was out, and was sensible until the last moment. He said, before he breathed his last, that he had been murdered in cold blood. Carreker has not yet been caught, but will be if he stays within the limits of the United States. Harmon left a wife, many attached relatives and a large circle of warm friends to mourn his loss.

John Stumbo and Dan Tucker, residing near Logansport, Ind., had an altercation on the night of the 9th, in which Stumbo used a knife and Tucker a stone, with which he fractured Stumbo's skull. Tucker was badly out in several places. The injuries of both men are dangerous.

REDMOND, THE MOONSHINER.

History of the Revenue War in the North Carolina Mountains and of the New Famous Leader of the Illicit Whiskey Distillers of That Region.

CHARLESTON, S. C., September 7.—The vicinity of Oasher's Valley, near the line, in North Carolina, is one of the most beautiful regions of the world. It is situated upon the dividing shed of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where the waters run side by side which eventually flow into the Atlantic Ocean on the one side, and into the Gulf of Mexico on the other. In South Carolina, just below Oasher's Valley, is Joassie Valley, on the side of which lives Redmond, the outlaw—not more than ten or twelve miles from Governor Hampton's residence.

Redmond was the occasion of the recent conflict of jurisdiction between the United States and State courts. The revenue officer who shot Ladd as the latter was standing in his doorway, mistook him for Redmond. Against Redmond there were several charges for illicit distillation, assaults upon the revenue officers and rescuing of prisoners in their hands. He is a bold man, about twenty-seven years of age, and of a liberal, generous nature, full of local spirit, and therefore of commanding influence and

POPULARITY IN HIS NEIGHBORHOOD.

From time immemorial these mountaineers have been Union men. They owned no slaves, and, on all the Federal issues which have passed over the state, sided with the national Government, until the late war carried them into the Southern army with their neighbors and their state. There was, therefore, no hostility to the general Government mingled in their opposition to the revenue laws.

Before the war these people paid little or no taxes. Their tax receipts on their little farms ran from 25 to 75 cents. They made enough wheat, cotton, tobacco, sorghum and vegetables for home consumption. Their general crop was corn. This was too bulky to haul from their little coves across the ridges, along the bridge paths which served for public roads. The Government did not, and could not, provide them with high-ways. They were obliged, therefore, to reduce the bulk of their marketable produce in order to sell it and obtain supplies other than those raised at home. Each family, as far as the memory of man runs back, had its little copper still, in which each winter they distilled their corn into whiskey. The pure freestone water from the granite hills, with the white flint corn mash, thus made the purest liquor sold in America. This was barreled up, and often rolled by hand for miles down the declivities of the mountains until they came to the market roads. Thence it was either peddled in wagons or sold in bulk at the various county towns of the state. One hundred dollars as the cash result of a year's labor was an aristocratic income among these

PRIMITIVE PEOPLE.

During the war the United States Government saw proper to impose a heavy tax upon distillers. Thirty dollars was assessed upon the manufacture of each still. One hundred dollars was demanded as a license fee, and five hundred dollars for a meter or three dollars a day for a gauger, besides one dollar on each gallon distilled. None but large manufacturers could comply with these requirements, and it drove all the small distillers out of the field or into illicit distillation.

After the war, when the mountaineers returned home, they resumed their old mode of life. Many of them never heard of the revenue laws until they were arrested and brought before a United States Commissioner. When they had served out their sentences and returned home once more, they found that the Radical State Government had learned the way to make them contribute to its support. They were forced to work, and yet restrained from the only work they could do by the Federal Government. Driven by actual necessity, very many of them continued their business. This gave continual employment to the revenue officers, who received from the Government large rewards—from \$50 to \$250 for each conviction. The convicts were too poor to pay. It was a serious annoyance to them to be lodged in jails, separated from their families, and to lose their stock of whisky and tools. The revenue officers were generally men identified with the State Republican party. In the discharge of their duties they were exacting, tyrannical, and often cruel. The consequence was an inveterate hatred between them and their victims. Instead of being called "internal," they were styled

"INTERNAL REVENUE OFFICERS."

To cheat them in any way was considered a duty resting upon each loyal mountaineer.

When young Ladd was killed by mistake, under circumstances which would not have justified the killing of Redmond, for whom he was mistaken, a howl of indignation rose from the Blue Ridge which drove the murderer to take refuge in Greenville jail for fear of summary vengeance.

It is stated that Chief Justice Waite, Circuit Judge Bond, and District Judge Byron will hold

the court before which he is to be tried. But as there is no statute against murder the trial will be a farce. The prisoner cannot again be tried in a state court, and the blood of young Ladd will cry in vain from the lintels of his door-posts on the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Last week the two Hinkles, beardless boys, who were with Redmond when he raided the revenue officers, recaptured the property they had taken from him, and released a prisoner, were tried and convicted in the district court at Greenville. It was supposed that Redmond would come forward and surrender himself for trial along with the Hinkle boys, but he did not come. It is not likely that he will now voluntarily surrender to a Government which punishes his friends and protects their murderers. Nor is it likely that this course will pacify the mountaineers. Governor Hampton has been their friendly summer neighbor for ten years, and his conservative advice to them will have weight.

SENSATIONAL SAFE ROBBERY.

Singular Case at Evansville, Ind., Queer Work by Officers and Alleged Confessions.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., September 9.—On the night of the 4th of July the safe containing \$2,000 in money received from a lottery for the benefit of the Odd Fellows was burglarized and the money taken. The safe was in the office of Julius Coleman, a young Kentucky lawyer and President of the Odd Fellows' Hall Association. The safe was opened by the aid of a key, dark lantern and chisel, which was left conspicuously on the floor. The next day Julius Coleman offered to replace the amount stolen, and the Odd Fellows accepted it, much to the astonishment of the people. Several days after detectives arrested Lon Coleman, a brother of the President, who had been employed in receiving the money. The trial occupied a week, and caused great excitement, as both parties stood high, and it was charged that the envy of the lawyers had urged them to drag Julius Coleman into the matter.

Lon pleaded innocent and charged it upon John McGlosson, an educated and shrewd mulatto, employed as his miller. McGlosson had fled and the detectives could not find him, and Lon Coleman was acquitted, and the impression was left that McGlosson was guilty, though the public were inclined to the opinion that McGlosson had been judiciously persuaded to leave in order to compass Coleman's acquittal. The feeling developed into a general suspicion, and Julius Coleman announced that he would follow McGlosson to

THE END OF THE EARTH.

He disappeared and after two weeks arrested McGlosson in Mayville, Ky. With the assistance of Marshal Hefflin, of that place, they brought him to Evansville sick unto death, and carried him to a fine hotel, where he occupied a private room. The next day a number of prominent citizens were invited to hear his confession, which was made dramatically. It exonerated the Colemans, and some slight corroborative circumstances were evoked. He said he burned the money on the guards of a boat between Louisville and Cincinnati, being afraid to keep it.

He was then put in jail, and in a few days he sent for the Chief of Police and made a new confession, saying that both of the Colemans were implicated, and that he and Lon had committed the burglary, Lon having his brother's key, with which he opened the safe. This was kept secret. In the meantime Coleman had been trying to recover his money, saying Laura McGlosson, John's wife, had it. She came here three weeks ago. Last week her house was searched by a constable and \$807 was taken from a straw mattress.

To-day she was transferred to jail, where she was interviewed. She says the constable took the money from his pocket and dropped it in the mattress, and two other witnesses corroborated her. John McGlosson was also interviewed and says that two weeks ago Julius Coleman came to the jail and made this proposition: "I will get \$800 and hide it and tell you where it is. You send for me and the Chief of Police and confess that you are guilty and will return

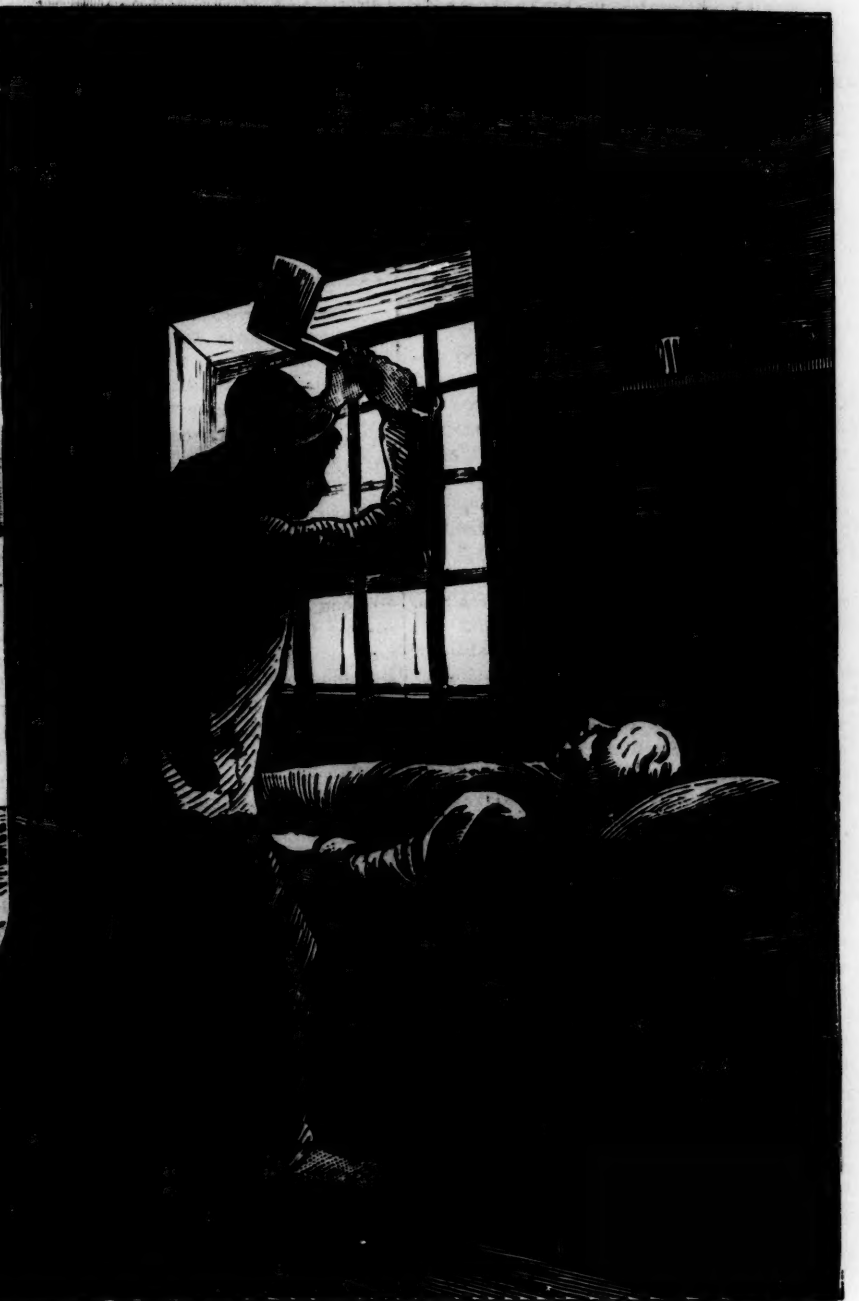
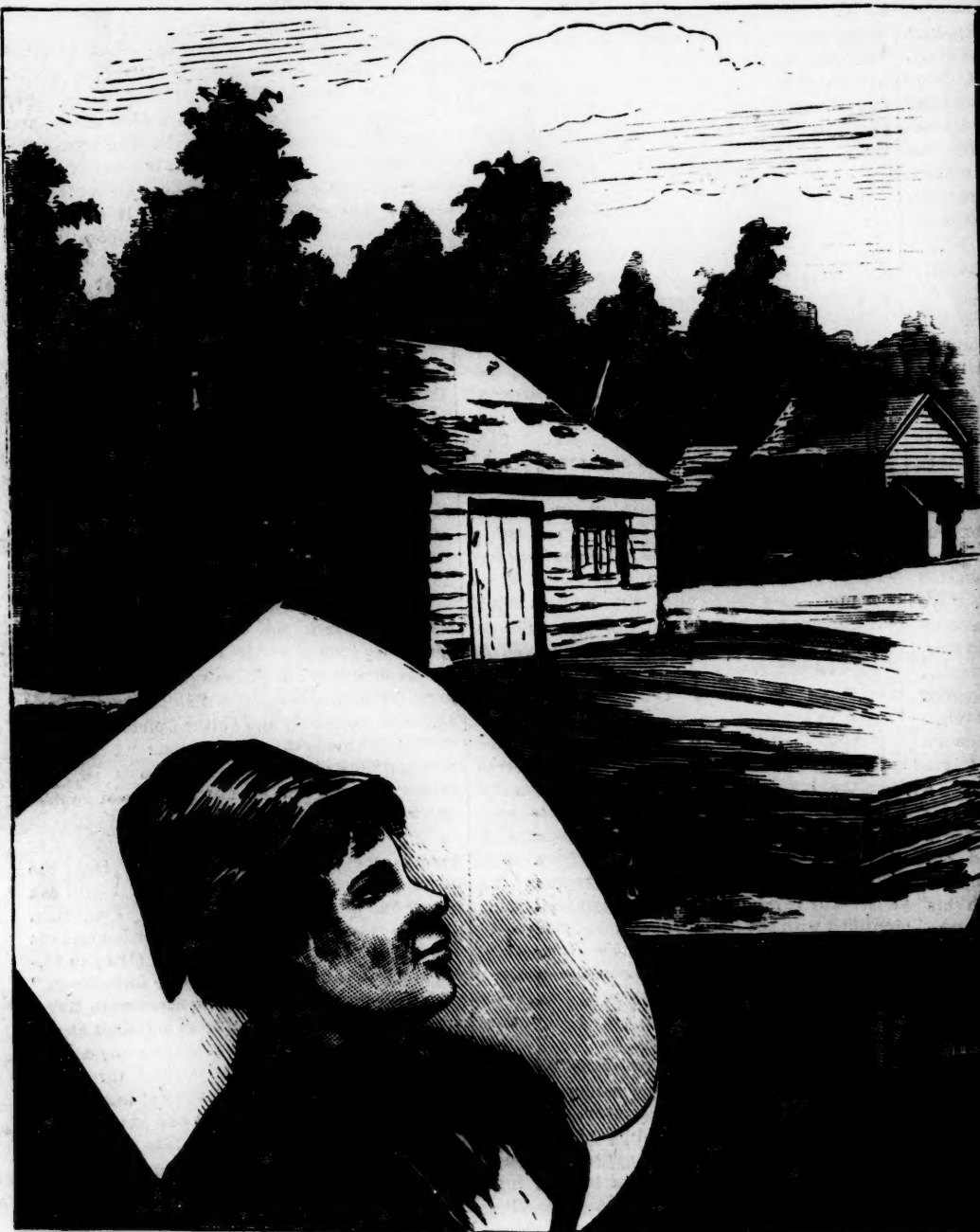
PART OF THE MONEY.

Then direct us to where I have placed the money. You will plead guilty and I will ask mercy and get you a light sentence. I will then apply to Governor Williams for a pardon and get you out. If you will do this I will give you \$5,000 and you can go way and set up in business."

McGlosson says when he was arrested in Mayville he had just recovered from a violent attack of chronic diarrhea. He was given some cordial to strengthen him, and that cordial threw him into deadly sickness, and on the way here Hefflin and Coleman told him he was going to die. Coleman told him he would take him to his house and nurse him until he was able to go to jail; that he then recognized that he had been poisoned, and would not be allowed to get well unless he made the pretended confession. Under these circumstances he made the bogus confession. Laura McGlosson is in jail with her husband awaiting the action of the Grand Jury, and the excitement prevails over developments.



SENSATIONAL SCENE IN A CAR—MR. JAMES MINOR ENCOUNTERS HIS RECREANT WIFE, WHO KNOCKS HIM INTO THE LAP OF A NEWLY MADE BRIDE, WHEN HE IS ASSISTED TO HIS FEET IN A SUMMARY MANNER BY THE UNSYMPATHETIC GROOM, AT SAINT MARY'S, KY.—SEE PAGE 13.



A CALLOW CUT-THROAT—JACOB KLOSEN, AN OLD GERMAN, MURDERED IN HIS HOUSE, NEAR DETROIT, MICH., BY HIS GRANDSON, CHRIS BREITENBACH, A REFORM SCHOOL GRADUATE.—SEE PAGE 7.



ANDERSON BROOKS, AN OLD FARMER, HANDS HIS WIFE OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES FOR STEALING HIS SHIRTS. SHE IS SENTENCED TO THE WHIPPING POST, BUT HE RELENTS AT THE TWELFTH HOUR AND KNOCKS DOWN THE OFFICIAL WHIPPER, AT ORANGE COURT-HOUSE, VA.—See Page 11.



ROMANTIC SUICIDAL ACT OF FRED ZEAK AND MISS CARRIE MEYERS, AT MUSCATINE, IOWA.—See Page 4.



A FAIR EQUESTRIENNE OF PLACERVILLE, CAL., ADOPTS THE JOCKEY HABIT IN RIDING.—See Page 4.

EPIDEMIC EVIL.

More Widespread and Dangerous
than the Scourge of the South it
Infects the Whole Country.

SOME FRESH CASES

Of the Disease, Exhibited in its Homi-
cidal Symptoms, as Reported
from Various Sections.

TO BE DOCTORED BY JACK KETCH.

BRUTAL AND FATAL FIGHT.

BELLEFONTAINE, Ohio, September 8.—Tony Marks killed Wm. Dempsey six miles east of here, last night, in a fight. He kicked him on the stomach and death resulted in a few hours. Both were colored.

A MURDEROUS COUPLE CAPTURED.

GALVESTON, Texas, September 8.—A special to the News, from Clifton, says: Detective Glenn, of Waco, arrested in Zaparito, Tom Harrall and Mike Harrall, leaders of the celebrated Harrall faction of that county, charged with being implicated in the Vaughan murder of May 18.

A STEVEDORE'S HOMICIDE.

NORFOLK, Va., September 10.—Two white men, James Cannahan and Tom Spratt, residents of Norfolk, while engaged in unloading a Boston ice schooner at Atlantic City to day, became involved in a quarrel. Cannahan invited Spratt ashore to have it out and in the fight the former seized an adz and struck his antagonist such a blow on the head that he killed him instantly. Cannahan then fled and successfully escaped in the country before the astonished bystanders could think of pursuit.

BLOODY STREET BRAWL.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., September 8.—On yesterday a Frenchman named John B. Randot, was found at his lodgings in a critical condition from a wound in his side, which he said he had received from a notorious character named Mart Flaherty, in a street fight two or three weeks ago. Randot was taken to the hospital and to-day has been spitting blood freely. He breathes with great difficulty, and physicians believe his injuries are fatal. Flaherty is in jail serving out a vagrancy sentence. He will be held to await the result of Randot's injuries.

SOLDIER TOBIN'S CASE.

Marshall Louis F. Payne, of the Southern District of New York, received on the 10th, a dispatch from Acting Attorney-General Phillips, of Washington, announcing that the President has ordered a reprieve in the case of Michael Tobin until the 25th of next month. Tobin's history is well known. He was sentenced by Judge Benedict to be hanged on Friday, September 20, but his timely respite gives him thirty-five days longer in which to hope for the Executive pardon and life. Information of the dispatch was conveyed immediately to the forlorn old soldier, but the news did not affect him very deeply.

A CAMP MEETING MURDER.

CULPEPPER, Va., September 8.—In Madison county to-day, at Ferryman's Mill, a protracted meeting was held in the open air. The meeting was broken up by a row of a very serious character. Just as the minister was about to give out his sermon, and had announced the hymn, two men, Nathan Cave and Lewis Tyman, got into a dispute as to who should have a hymn book which was near them. Cave jerked out a pocket-knife and Tyman advanced with a razor. Despite the expostulations of the minister, the two men pitched into each other. The females screamed and rushed away in the bushes, and the male members of the congregation got at a safe distance. Tyman wounded Cave in the abdomen so seriously that he died to-night. The murderer has not yet been arrested.

BOURKE'S BRUTAL DEED.

At the coroner's inquest in the case of little Edward Sullivan, whose body was found in the East river, on the Brooklyn side, more than two weeks ago, the testimony showed that the boy was fishing on August 27 at the foot of East Forty-sixth street, New York, and Peter Bourke, who was at work on a scow, ordered him away, and at the same time threw a half brick. The missile struck the boy, and knocked him into the river, and he was drowned, as previously detailed in the GAZETTE. The post-mortem examination showed that his skull was fractured. Bourke was arrested in this city for assault, and held, but he was before the jury in Brooklyn on the night of the 10th. The verdict was that the boy came to his death at the hands of Bourke, and Bourke was remanded to this city.

PAY OR DIE.

READING, Pa., September 10.—Intelligence of a shocking tragedy reached Morristown. About a week ago a stranger arrived there, and, going to one of the hotels, registered himself as Frank Jones. During the week he was most of the time around the hotel, and did not seem to have any occupation, nor was he, apparently, well pro-

vided with means. Saturday morning he left the hotel, saying that he was going to enter a horse for Ambler Park races. He did not pay his bill, and as soon as his absence was discovered the bar-keeper started in pursuit, and finally overtook the fugitive at Flowerstown. Here a quarrel ensued, which ended in both men drawing their revolvers, and both began firing. At the second shot the stranger dropped dead in his tracks. The bar-keeper surrendered himself, and declares that Jones accidentally shot himself.

A NEGRO MURDERED BY HIS WHITE WIFE.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., September 8.—Last Sunday three white men bought a large supply of rum and took it to the house of John Hall, colored, in the town of Hampton, on the Air-line road, in Windham county. There they had a terrible spree. Hall's wife is white, and a dangerous companion when drunk. Late in the afternoon Hall, half-paralyzed with rum, wandered from the house and fell upon the ground. His wife found him there, and horribly beat him. With her heavy shoes she kicked his head and face until he could not be recognized. Hall had nothing done for him that night, and when the doctors saw him they could not save him. He lingered until yesterday, when he died. His wife was arrested, not for murder, but for assault with intent to kill. She pleaded guilty and was sent to jail in default of \$300, which will hold her. Probably the charge will be changed to manslaughter.

A MERCENARY ASSASSIN'S CONFESSION.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., September 9.—Richard Isaacs, the murderer of Henderson Ciocke, was brought to this city on Sunday by Sheriff Stevens and locked up in the county jail. The murder, a cold-blooded one, was committed near West Line, Cass county, about two weeks ago. Isaacs was brought here to escape an infuriated mob which wanted to hang him at Harrisonville last Friday night. In an interview to-day Isaacs said his victim was driving a herd of cattle. He joined Ciocke and traveled with him two days. The prisoner continued: "Ciocke had a revolver in his belt, and at about 4 o'clock of the second day I let my horse fall a few feet behind him, and drew my pistol. I then rode up to within a few feet of him and fired. The ball struck right in the back of his head and he slid off his horse dead on the prairie. I then rifled his pockets and secured \$12 and a silver watch, but did not take the pistol. After driving the cattle about a mile, I returned and looked at the body. It was cold, and I covered it up with a blanket, and put the dead man's hat over his face. I was a fool for leaving the body on the prairie. I had no business to kill Ciocke, and must suffer for it. After covering the body I drove the cattle to West Line, where they were sold to Evans & Hunter, and netted \$825. I then returned to Kansas and went to work on a farm near Paola, where I was arrested. I had \$800 of the money in a trunk, which was given to the officers of the law. I do not know why I killed Ciocke. It was a sudden impulse."

SLOW BUT SURE JUSTICE.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., September 8.—Last night Anthony Munley and James Noon were arrested and lodged in jail, charged with the murder of Patrick Stanton, at Deane's Patch, in the fall of 1869. The circumstances of the murder had been long ago forgotten except by those directly interested, and few can now be found conversant with the facts of the case. Munley, one of the persons charged with the crime, was arrested shortly after Thomas Munley, who was hanged on June 21, 1877, with five other Molliers. He was charged with the murder of Sanger and Uren, but was afterward discharged, a nolle prosequi having been entered in his case by the District Attorney. He is about forty years of age and has but one leg. His story of the murder is that a number of men were drinking together in Deane's Patch at the time above indicated, when Thomas Noon and Patrick Stanton began quarreling. When both men were drunk and met they generally quarreled over a family dispute, which had arisen in Ireland. On this occasion from words the men proceeded to blows, and at length Stanton struck Noon on the head with a stone, felling him to the ground and fracturing his skull. Stanton, Deane, Munley and Anthony Carey, who were in the crowd, left Noon lying in an insensible condition and went away together. Another quarrel arose, when Carey, a brother-in-law of Deane, Munley alleges, struck Stanton with a wrench, which caused his death. Deane immediately raised the cry that Munley had killed Stanton, and a Mrs. Noon, who was arrested as an accessory, advised them to flee, as Stanton was dead. Noon's story, as far as it goes, corroborates Munley. He explains how the quarrel originated, but says he does not remember of anything that occurred for five months after that. He bears a couple of terrible scars on his face as the result of the fight. Noon and Munley were arrested on information furnished by John Deane, a rather noted character who has just been discharged from jail, where he had been serving a term of imprisonment on conviction of forgery. Noon is about forty-five years of age, married, and a very ordinary looking fellow. Munley is not married.

CHICAGO'S CURSE.

Another Shocking Tragedy of the
Sort for Which That Town is
Famous.

CHICAGO, Ill., September 10.—A husband's jealousy, a woman's indiscretion, and a policeman's belief in the doctrine attributed to Beecher caused a certain vicinity of the south side to open its mouth over two throats that were gashed last night. Sylvester E. Dean is a baggage-master at the Twenty-second street depot of the Illinois Central railroad, and the husband of Martha, or Mattie Dean. They have been boarding at the house of Mrs. Dean's half-sister, Mrs. W. H. Warner, at 872 Michigan avenue. Warner is depot-master of the same station where Dean has been employed. The cause of the husband's rage is traced to a police officer of the Cottage Grove station. On yesterday afternoon, about 6 o'clock, Dean went home and meeting his wife on the back stairway flourished a Rogers razor and drew it rapidly across his wife's cheek from her left ear to her nose. Thinking he had struck lower, he took the same instrument and cut his throat from ear to ear, the blade almost completely severing the windpipe, laying the vocal cord perfectly visible. The facts and the causes which surround this double cut arose from jealousy on the part of the husband, and an alleged weakness and foolishness on the part of the wife.

Dean was absent from the depot most of the day. At 5 o'clock he went to the station and asked Warner if he could get along half an hour without him. Warner said he could get along probably ten or fifteen minutes. He went away, and about three-quarters of an hour afterward Warner heard that Dean had stained

THE GRASS OF HIS YARD WITH HIS OWN BLOOD.

A small boy was at play in the yard, but who couldn't be induced to get out from under the cover at 11 o'clock last night, said he saw Dean meet his wife on the stairway, and that he was drunk. He caught her around the waist with one hand, and with the other he struck at her with the razor, he thinks twice. He heard her scream, and the next thing he saw was Dean cutting his own throat. When he had slashed that he threw the blade in the air, and rolled down the steps. He then crawled out into the back yard and laid down in the grass, where he commenced to groan. The boy says the woman ran across the street to a drug store, her face covered with blood. A man in the vicinity says she ran to the police station. But this probably comes from a fevered fancy. As soon as the station was notified, assistance was sent forward and the woman taken to Mercy Hospital, at the corner of Indiana avenue and Twenty-sixth street, and Dean was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, at 724 Indiana avenue. Medical aid was summoned, Doctor St. John going to the latter place, where he found his patient gasping for life.

"He put his hand to his throat once," said the doctor, "and gasped, 'Let me alone, I want to go.'" Then he fell back, and at midnight was dying.

Mrs. Knight told a reporter a part of what she knew. Dean and his wife married just before the big fire. They had never lived happily together. She was to blame in the start. He was a "nice, familiar man, and would stop and talk to all the women he knew." This caused his wife, who is said to be possessed of a violent temper to cause Dean a deal of trouble. The more she raved

THE MORE HE WOULD TALK TO THE GIRLS.

This kept up for some time until a separation was the result. They lived at 1018 Indiana avenue when they broke up housekeeping and she left him. Last July they "made up," as Mrs. Knight says, and went to board with her half-sister.

"Had he any good reason to be jealous of her?" asked the reporter.

"Well, yes. They say he did. Though I never thought so."

"What do you know about it?"

"Nothing. Only they say he had good reasons. But I don't think there was anything wrong about her."

"Were her indiscretions confined to anyone in particular, or to several?"

"Only one that I ever heard of."

"Who was that one?"

"I don't know. I don't believe she did anything wrong."

"Any indiscretion on the part of a wife is wrong, when she knows that arouses her husband's anger," suggested the reporter, to draw Mrs. Knight out.

"Yes; and she ought to have known that. That policeman was a busy-body, from what they say."

"The policeman was very attentive to her?"

"So I heard. And I guess she was very attentive to him."

"He called to see her often at her house?"

"Yes. He would go to the depot and see if Dean was there, and if he was he would go to her house, or she would meet him. But I never believed there was anything wrong between him and Mattie. He used to go and tell Dean things

about her, and then he would go to her and tell her things about Vet."

"Who is Vet?"

"Sylvester Dean. We always cut it short and called him Vet. I guess

THEY WERE BOTH TO BLAME.

I guess he must have seen something or heard something or he wouldn't have done what he did."

The reporter, unable to glean anything more from the female fashion-maker of the section, withdrew, and went over to a livery stable on the avenue, in a fashionable quarter, where he found a cabby who knew Mattie Dean very well.

"Bless you, she was a gay one. Many's the time I took her and another woman down to Thirty-ninth street and the stock-yards, where they met two men, and they had great times."

"Do you know the policeman?"

"I should remark I did. I see him go in her house on the avenue many a time and come out. He was very frequent in his calls, I can tell you."

"Was the 'cop' a 'mascher'?"

"I think so. He was a tall, fine-lookin' feller as you ever see. He didn't have any wife of his own, either, but he had a poor old mother to support."

"Do you know his name?"

"No." And he grinned.

Mrs. Dean is not a handsome woman, but she has a fine figure, a pleasant face minus the gaun, a wealth of golden hair and lustrous blue eyes.

Dean is a very ordinary looking individual about twenty-five years of age. They are the father and mother of the little boy who about two years ago created such a sensation by disappearing mysteriously from home. It was given out that he had been abducted by an Italian, but after a search of two weeks his body was found floating in the lake.

The unhappy condition of affairs between Dean and his wife, and the indiscretions and jealousy of each, have formed a chapter of gossip for some time in the vicinity where they lived.

The Outlaws of the Border.

TUCSON, Arizona, September 7.—A letter from the United States Paymaster's clerk, addressed to the sheriff, came from the Patagonia mining district, thirty-five miles from here, yesterday morning, in relation to the finding of the bodies of Captain J. H. Adams and C. Finley, who came here a few months ago to look after the interests of some San Francisco capitalists. The sheriff immediately sent out four deputies and an expert trailer, who have already struck the trail of six Mexicans leading into Mexico, and if caught it is not at all improbable that Judge Lynch will have a voice in the matter if an attempt is made to bring them here. The entire community are enraged over the recent outrages of this character, and they are using every effort to rid the country of a few desperadoes who have infested this part of the Territory. It is believed that Adams and Finley were mistaken for Steele and Liefly, storekeepers here, who are in the habit of bringing large quantities of gold-dust to town about every three weeks, and who were on their way at the time of the killing, but were detained several hours by a balky horse.

On the evening of the 2d inst. the Tucson and Yuma mail and stage coaches were overhauled by three Mexicans twenty miles west of Maricopa Wells, the scene of the double mail robbery three weeks ago. The Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasure, sixty-three bars of bullion, the United States mail-bags and the passengers' money and clothing were taken, and the robbers utilized the stage horses to take their booty to Sonora, where perfect protection is given by the authorities there. Special Agent Mahoney, of the Post-office Department, has been sent here to investigate the deficient postal service, and is in possession of valuable information, both as to the Department and the officers of the law here.

Last evening an unsuccessful attempt was made by a party of Mexicans to assassinate Marshal Buttner. About thirty citizens are now scouring the country, and mean business. The Americans of Southern Arizona have determined on most vigorous measures for punishing the robbers even at the risk of provoking conflict and involving the whole country in war. Mail and telegraphic communication have been cut off since the 1st inst. A band of Indian traders and five white men have gone from Phoenix by order of Special Agent Mahoney.

More Mob Law.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., September 10.—An American's special from Murfreesboro, dated midnight says score another disgraceful act of mob violence for Murfreesboro. Thirty minutes ago a mob of twenty-five mounted men surrounded the jail, and demanded of Jailer Murphy the person of Dick Arnold. Murphy said there was no such man there, but being cowed by a double-barreled shot-gun, was forced to go through the jail with six armed men. Arnold was found and taken out, when the mob rode away. Arnold twelve months ago cut a negro, but escaped when on trial. He was rearrested the other day, and yesterday returned to jail. The mob probably consisted of his friends. The place is greatly excited.

AN INFAMOUS INGRATE.

Philadelphia's Latest Contribution to the Blood-Stained Record of Murder.

WARMING A SERPENT.

Louis Le Blanc's Generosity to an Impeccable Compatriot Repaid by Murder Most Foul.

ESCAPE OF THE ASSASSIN.

(Subject of Illustration.)

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., September 8.—Louis Le Blanc, a colored Cuban, and a tailor by occupation, was found foully murdered in the room back of his shop, about noon to-day, with two terrible gashes on either side of the throat, and surrounded by all the ghastly marks of a most desperate sanguinary struggle with his assassin before he had been overpowered and slaughtered.

On the south side of Lombard street, below Broad, is a row of three-story brick houses with stores, in one of which the crime was perpetrated. LeBlanc became the tenant of one of these on June 27th. His neighbor on the east side is a barber named Alexander Cain and upon the west is a liquor saloon. The stores are very shallow, and of about the width in which the proverbial cat could be swung by the tail without tearing the paper with her claws.

LeBlanc was a short, well built man, about twenty-four years of age, five feet eight inches in height, with light, curling hair and a small, black mustache. He was a native of Santiago de Cuba and stood well in the

COLORED MASONIC LODGE.

With this he affiliated six years ago, soon after coming to this country.

A few weeks ago he became acquainted with an exotic from the ever-faithful Isle, Jose Antoine Suarez, a tall, stoop-shouldered young man, with a Mephistophelean, sinister face and long, black, shaggy hair. Jose Suarez was a shiftless, unreliable fellow, whose antecedents are mysterious, and after leaving New York he came here and got work as a cigar stripper in a store on Sixth street, near Arch, boarding in a Cuban family at Twelfth and Kombe streets, above Pine. He lost his situation, and as he had not paid any board he lost his shelter also. In this plight he was found by LeBlanc, who generously offered him lodgings in his own humble quarters.

For a week past Suarez bunked with his new-found friend, using old clothing for his pillow and sharing LeBlanc's meals.

On Saturday night, about eleven o'clock, the two men were seen sitting in the store talking, and this was the last time LeBlanc was seen alive. What happened between that time and seven o'clock yesterday morning in the little blood-bespattered back room is known only to the murderer. A colored man whose yard runs to the rear of the store, heard terrible groaning about three o'clock this morning, and remarked to his wife that the Frenchman must be very ill.

The light, streaming in at the front door and the little back window, fell upon a spectacle as the officers peered into the little back room which made them

START BACK WITH HORROR.

In the middle of the floor, close by the partition door, with his head upon a yellow show-card lay LeBlanc dead as a door-nail. He was attired in a thin merino undershirt and jean drawers, but these were so dyed a deep crimson with blood that the original white color was effaced. The floor, walls, partition and everything were covered with great clots of the life fluid. Around the wall above the washboard on the west side were the terrible evidences of a frightful struggle, in which the assassin had conquered. On LeBlanc's right temple was a deep cut and a depression which bore the mark of a smothering-iron. On the left side of the throat was a gaping wound which had severed the jugular vein, and on the right side was another cut of less depth. The rope by which one end of the hammock had been suspended hung upon the partition, and behind the cellar-door was the hammock, marked with the tread of bloody feet, as if the men had

TORN IT DOWN IN THEIR COMBAT.

There were scraps of newspaper and a yellow-colored paper sticking to the hands of the dead man, and they lay across his breast as though he had attempted to wipe away the blood. On a shelf over in the corner lay LeBlanc's razor, incased, and the marks of bloody hands near by, while one of the combatants had attempted to reach it, but had been worsted.

Captain Wood, descending to the cellar, saw imprints of bloody hands upon the whitewashed wall where the murderer had groped his way to a roughly constructed cesspool and tossed in the razor. The first object discovered was the weapon, upon the blade and handle of which the blood had not yet dried. Plunder is believed to have been the motive of the crime, and it is

thought that Suarez attempted to slay LeBlanc with the iron as he lay asleep, but finding the blow not sufficiently powerful drew the razor, and, after a desperate fight, as LeBlanc's bloody hands attested, accomplished his murderous purpose.

The description of Suarez given to the police puts his height at five feet seven or eight inches, stoop-shouldered, with a slouching, rocking gait, sallow, thin face, with long, prominent nose, high cheek-bones and straight black hair and slight moustache. He wore black pantaloons and a straw hat. Suarez is believed to have fled to New York, where he has acquaintances, and Superintendent Walling is co-operating with the Philadelphia police authorities in the efforts for his capture.

AN OUTLAW LYNCHED.

How the Citizens of Labette County, Kansas, got rid of a Notorious Horse Thief and Murderer.

(Subject of Illustration.)

CHETOPAH, Kansas, September 9.—Yesterday morning at daybreak it was discovered that John Richmond, the horse-thief and murderer of R. H. Clift, was hanging by the neck to the timbers of a small bridge near town, dead. This is the tragic ending of a very unworthy life. As near as they can be gathered the details are about as follows:

After the murder of Clift, and the fruitless pursuit of numerous citizens, Mr. Bentley, of this place, and Deputy Marshal Graham, of Columbus, Cherokee county, followed in as near the track of the flying murderer as they could keep by close inquiry till they came into the neighborhood of his home in Lawrence county, Mo. It was there learned that Richmond was already under arrest for horse-stealing, some men from that neighborhood having been following him also. Bentley made known his errand, and it was soon learned that he would be given up on a requisition from the Governor of Kansas. In a day or two this was obtained, and was honored by the Governor of Missouri.

Graham and the sheriff of this (Labette) county then started back with the prisoner, coming round by Vinita and up the M. K. and T. R. R., the nearest way by public conveyance from Neosho, Newton county, Mo., where the prisoner had been held awaiting

THE PROCEEDINGS OF LAW.

On the way around Richmond he repeatedly begged the sheriff and those who were with him to protect him from mob violence in this county. His fears were well-founded. A large number of people had watched the coming of the trains for a day or two, expecting some demonstration. So Thursday night, as the regular train from the south came in and slowed up to the platform, some thirty or more masked men stepped aboard and greeted the sheriff and his small posse. The train stopped, and the sheriff got his man into the omnibus to take him to the town jail.

Here the programme changed. The masked men took charge of the prisoner quietly, determinedly. The sheriff and his men were helpless. They had guards out, and all inquisitive citizens were sent about their business right brusquely. Richmond crawled down in the 'bus and begged like a dog, and had to be dragged out by the feet. He yelled and begged and pleaded as long as any one could hear as they made off with him. That was the last known till yesterday morning, when he was found hanging to the timbers of a small unused bridge, half a mile south-west of town. The beam to which the rope was tied was about eight feet from the ground. The rope had slipped and stretched so that his feet were within three inches of the ground. A gag had been placed in his mouth, and his death had evidently been caused by strangling. It was a ghastly sight as viewed by hundred of citizens. The body remained hanging until about noon, and was then

TAKEN DOWN AND BURIED.

Not a word of condemnation of the mob or of Judge Lynch has been heard. The universal feeling is that it was a more rapid process than the regular channels of the law, and fully deserved by the culprit. The people have been so harassed and tormented by thieves, sneaks and out-throats along the border that patience ceased to be a virtue. This is an example of speedy justice with similar cases on similar provocation. The credit of the arrest is due to Mr. Ward, a man living neighbor to Richmond, in Lawrence county. He went without arms, and only one man with him, a few hours after Richmond got home, and carelessly sauntered up to the house and began talking the family about some hogs. As he was talking he stepped up to Richmond and grabbed him by one arm, while his helper was trying to secure the other. In this they came near making a slip, as Richmond had a pistol in his hand, ready to fire, by the time they had hold of him. He was finally disarmed and tied, and not until next morning did they know of the Chetopah murder. It seems he had been eluding the Arkansas authorities for several years, having broken jail there while under arrest for murder. When he was living here, and seemed poor and helpless, Marshal Clift had taken special pains to help raise money and had liberally contributed himself to help him move his family to Missouri. His accounts are settled now.

THE DRAMATIC SEASON.

A Glance at its Promise From the Standpoint of the Grand Duke Opera House, a Modest Temple of Art Where Native Talent is Feasted.

The actors of the Grand Duke Opera House, in Baxter street, are enjoying a well-earned vacation. The theatre is closed, but it is not undergoing repairs. In fact, it is filled with barrels, timber and rubbish. The entrance is a cellar-way. The room is 40 feet long and 20 feet wide. It is agitated whether this 'old-time' resort shall be renovated for the coming season or removed to more commodious quarters between Chatham and Worth streets.

It may not be generally known that brilliant preparations are making for histrionic triumphs this year. A hearty response is expected from an indulgent public. The manager already sees a fortune from afar. The well known "stars" of last year have been re-engaged at great expense, and new favorites will appear. As the Lyceum and Broadway Theatres have adopted a popular scale of prices, the Grand Duke will follow suit. Admission 5 cents, reserved seats 5 and 10 cents extra. Ladies will be welcome. Polite ushers will seat them.

The management have under consideration several plays that have been submitted. It has been a rule of the theatre

TO ENCOURAGE HOME TALENT.

Dramas have been gotten up in twenty-four hours by enterprising authors in Baxter street. Their beauty was their abundant local color. The characters of newboys and bootblacks in "The Streets of New York in 1876," for instance, where the genuine article, and "no shenanigan," as a spectator observed. For instance, when a brick was shied at a fleeing burglar, who was "cracking a crib," there was none of your paste-board arrangements, but brick, solid brick. And if the heavy villain was not hit, it was owing to the Carver-like skill of the "shier." To fire as closely as possible and not hit your man, is a bit of acting familiar to the low comedians of Baxter street.

Rumor has it that a new play by Daly had been offered to the management, and might be accepted. Investigation, however, showed that the author was not Augustin Daly, but Pete Daly, a young aspirant for dramatic fame. The name of the play has a local flavor. It is "Jimmy, the Sneide; or The Baxter Street Duffer." The plot details the adventures of a young sport who makes money by grabbing silk handkerchiefs, and whose gorgeous array and muscular persuasion are the

DELIGHT AND DISMAY OF HIS COMRADES.

Jimmy is to come on the stage attired in such elegance as the wardrobe of the theatre will permit. A penny cigar will be in his mouth at a Bowery angle. A high hat, battered, but brushed judiciously, will rest on his head in jaunty style. There is an old Jew that the Duffer beats at his own tricks, a peanut man and several small boys whose prowess at boxing are only excelled by the Duffer himself as the champion of the ring. The story goes that the hero, after getting the advantage of his associates, at last meets his equal in the person of a small boy, who is a "tornado at boxing," as he is described.

It is not known whether the drama, as it is called, will be accepted. But this much is certain: the management have been impressed with the startling situations in it, and the dialogue has an heroic twang that will captivate the popular heart. It is thought that, in rapidity of movement, some of its scenes will excel a number of standard plays. This is especially true of the boxing portions.

A brief quotation from the play, which the reporter was kindly permitted to glance over, will indicate the

VIRILE CHARACTER OF THE AUTHOR'S STYLE:

Peanut man loquitor—(He sees Jimmy sailing by, a regular full-dress panorama)—I say, young feller, come this way.

Jimmy—Heh, old dodger, what d'ye say?

P. M.—Buy my peanuts, fresh and hot.

Jimmy—Got no tin for fur, old sot.

P. M.—You walkin' band-box, mind yer biz, fer now, begad, my blood is riz;

If you don't quit this very spot, I'll make it, like my peanuts, hot.

Jimmy—Yer will, ole ood, why then we'll see it hulk like you kin wollop me;

I'll split yer lung, I'll gouge yer eye,

An' hustle ye off to "Sweet Bimeby."

Fur I'm the duffer what takes no chin

From truck like you, you id hairpin;

If yer not busted in this fight,

I'll walk on my ear the livelong night.

Jimmy then peels off his coat, squares appropriately and

THRASHES THE OLD MAN.

The manager of the Grand Duke Opera House is the enterprising Pete Connors, who made the house so successful last season. He used to take in at the box office \$20 and \$30 a night. This was used to defray expenses, and the balance was divided among the "stars" and lesser lights. The theatre will open this month. Among the talent that will delight the Five Points audience will be Ted Sullivan, leading actor; Mike Keelahan, comic singer; John Gilligan and Miles O'Reilly, low comedians, and Tom. Wing, contortionist. The last named

"star" has played with John Brougham in "Round the Clock" at the Grand Opera House. Other attractions will be added from time to time. It is proposed to keep the theatre open until next summer if the patronage is sufficient. This little resort has been running six or seven years with varying success. It is probably the smallest of its kind in the city, and those who remember the performances of last year will have faith that all promises made by the management will be fulfilled.

It may be stated in conclusion that the actors employed at the Grand Duke descend to the realities of earth in the day time, and are simply newboys and bootblacks. But at night they walk the stage like embryo Booths and Wallacks. The glare of the miniature footlights idealizes them for the nonce into heroes whose valiant exploits are keenly relished by the variegated audience.

End of a Sad Romance.

NEWPORT, R. I., September 10.—While hundreds were watching the departure of the British fleet, and while fair damsels were waving their handkerchiefs at the officers on board, a young woman, hardly out of her teens, was dying at the Newport Hospital, and by the time the salutes were exchanged the spirit of one who had been wronged by a Newport millionaire had taken its flight to another world. The young lady was no other than Miss Katy Mason, better known as "Alice Trevalyn," the female detective, who was recently sent to Blackwell's Island by a New York justice. The facts connected with her New York visit are well known. After serving out her thirty days' sentence she was liberated and left the prison, having no home, friends or money. Her family, who are well connected, had given her up, after doing all that was possible for her. While she was on Blackwell's Island they quietly left Newport and took up their abode in Boston, so mortified were they at the startling disclosures which were made at the time that they felt they could endure their disgrace no longer. A telegram was received here the latter part of last week by a near relative of the deceased, stating that she was ill, very ill, and would be in Newport the following morning via the Fall River line.

It appears she knew that her parents had moved away. No one was at the landing to meet her when she arrived at three o'clock in the morning. She was driven to the residence of the relative who refused to allow her the shelter of his roof. He recommended the hackman to take her to the police station, where he thought she could be subsequently removed to the hospital. With an aching heart the girl consented to the proposition, and she spent the balance of the night at the station. By persistent efforts on the part of the authorities she was admitted to the hospital the following day, where she commenced to sink rapidly. Her brother was the first to arrive, then a sister, but the mother was too ill to come to the bedside of her dying daughter.

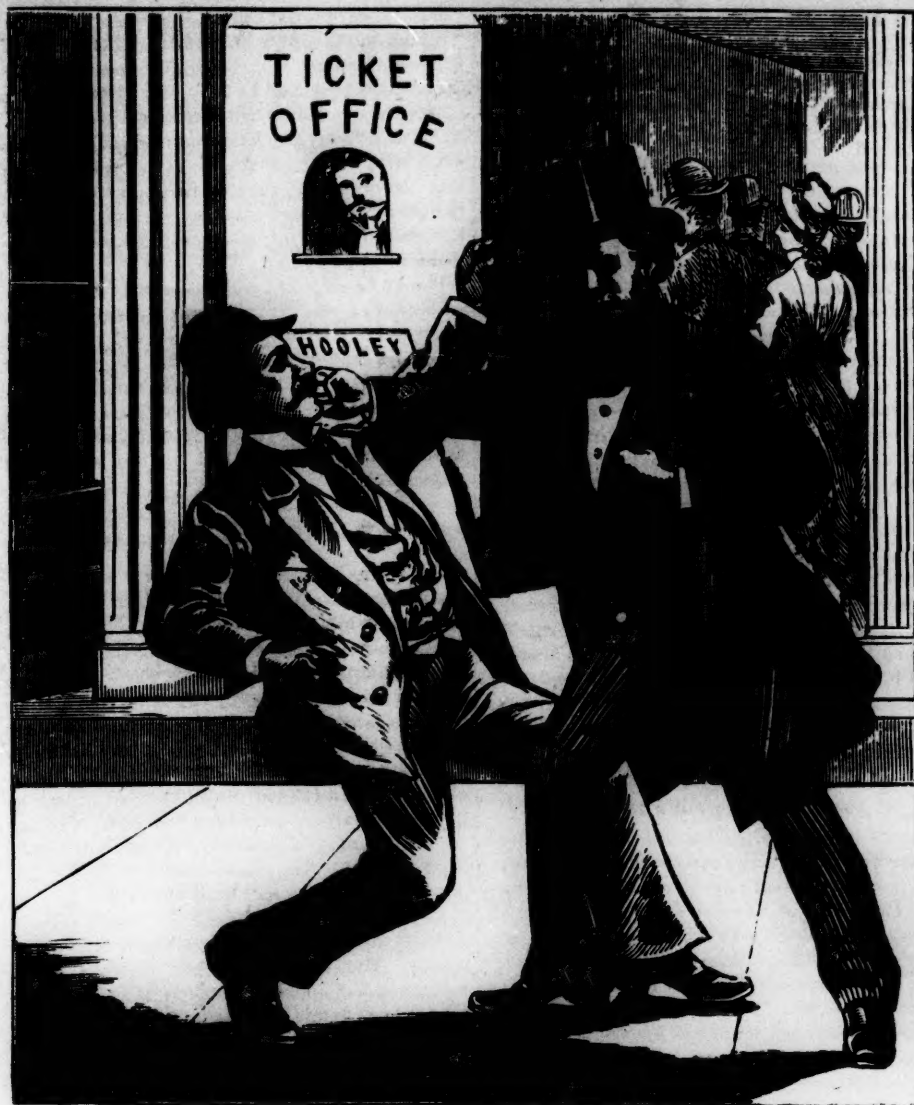
To her sister, while her life was fast ebbing away, she confessed all and begged her to convey to her mother and her brothers and sisters, the pain and anguish which she felt at the disgrace which she had brought upon them and upon herself. She was willing to die and bury the past with her. Slowly, and with the consciousness of knowing that she was about to die, she confessed that, while a happy school girl, scarcely sixteen, with home and friends, and everything to live for, she had been wronged, cruelly wronged, by a resident of Newport, who was the father of a family and who was as old as her own parent, now dead. She told the story of how he had taken her to ride, and the means he had resorted to in order to accomplish his purpose, and with her dying words she confirmed the story which she had told to the reporter while in the Tombs in your city.

The facts in the case have been long known here, and now that she has substantiated them with her last words there is no little indignation. One of the many ladies who had been with her during the last hours of her life, remarked that the girl's seducer ought to be made to pay, out of his enormous wealth, the funeral expenses. The funeral will be private and the remains will be taken to Dedham, Mass., for interment in the family burial ground.

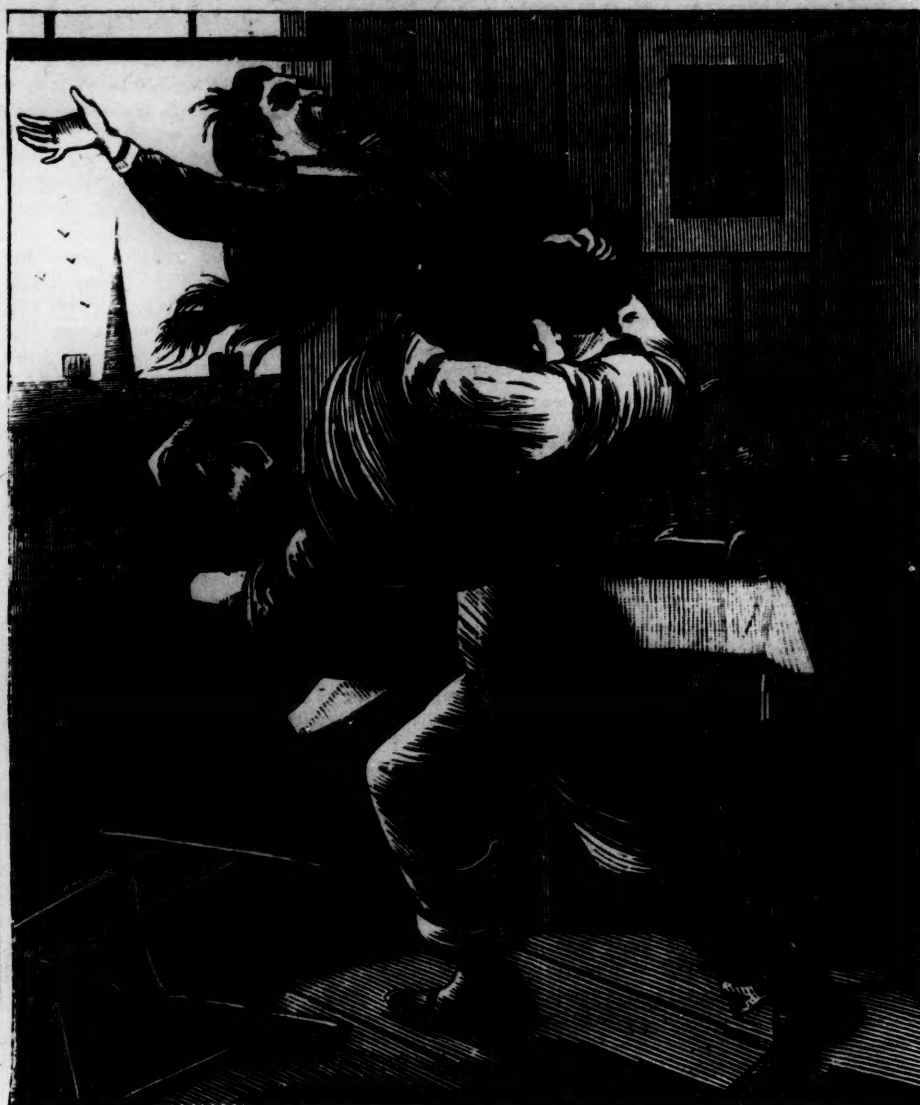
Exciting Whipping Post Scene.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ORANGE COURT HOUSE, Va., September 3.—Yesterday an old man, Anderson Brooks, who carries on a truck farm in this county, caught his wife stealing and selling certain of his best shirts. He arrested her and with his own hand brought her to the jail. She was immediately carried before Squire Boutware, who ordered her to receive ten lashes and six days' confinement in jail. The Sheriff proceeded to administer the punishment, but as soon as he struck the first blow the husband rushed forward, knocked him down and took the lash away from him, saying: "No man shall whip my wife but me." He is now in jail on the charge of assaulting an official.



PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTER BETWEEN MANAGER HOOLEY AND MR. POPE COOK, IN HOOLEY'S THEATRE, CHICAGO.



PATRICK RILEY, A FRENZIED DRUNKARD, THROWS HIS WIFE FROM A THIRTY FOOT HIGH WINDOW, IN BROOKLYN, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 4.

A Pugilistic Manager.

(Subject of Illustration.)

CHICAGO, Ill., September 7.—Chicago feels a pride in Manager Richard M. Hooley. He has sunk money here; he has stuck by Chicago; he has built two theatres; he has got the best of Simon Peter Quinlin; he has fought many a good fight—and now he has asserted himself as a man and a manager who is not to be meddled with. Augustin Daly met his man and got the worst of it in New York not long since. Later, Joe Emmett received a drastic dose of physic for his catarrh from the fist of Ed Zimmerman. Our Hooley is not that kind of a hairpin.

Wednesday evening, just as the performance was about to begin, he was in front of his theatre contemplating the ruins of the new court house and the rushing crowds that were filling up his theatre, when one of the actors—Mr. Pope Cook, who plays in "The Glilded Age," who is described by a friend as a regular soap-chewer when he goes in for tragedy—broke in upon his meditations. First there was some talk about a calcium light. Then Mr. Cook said he wanted to know about next week's business and his own prospects of a place in the cast. Mr. Hooley was thinking about the difference between Bedford and Lemont stone. "Thou troublest me. I am not in the vein," said Richard. "Get thee behind the scenes and follow thy functions," he added, or words to that effect. Mr. Cook persisted in holding on to the managerial ear. Then Hooley broke out in plain prose: "Get away from me, I don't want you this week, or next week, or any week,"—and a good many more words to that effect. This excited the anger of Mr. Cook, who, uplifting his right forefinger, said in a dreadful stage whisper as he walked away, "I will see you to-morrow about this." "You can see me now about it if you like," said Richard; and then high words were heard—words which were understood to be discourteous. Then biff! went Hooley's knuckles into the optics of the poor player, and he was doubled up by a finisher in the bread-basket. A friend ran in between them and prevented a row. The actor went behind and fretted and strutted his hour, and the manager, "after setting them up," went on to contemplate the Bedford stone. No arrests.

Thrilling Adventure with a Grizzly.

(Subject of Illustration.)

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)

COLUMA, Cal., August 30.—A thrilling and almost fatal encounter of two of the most prominent citizens of this town with a huge grizzly bear occurred on the 28th ult., in the Coast Range Mountains, in the western part of this county.

About two weeks since E. W. Cameron, an old resident, and J. B. De Jarnatt, County Clerk of Colusa county, left for a few weeks' hunt in the Coast Range. Both being powerful men and fine shots, they sought the wildest and most inaccessible parts of the mountains for their camp

and in ten days had sixteen bear skins hung around their camp, all taken from grizzlies. Several times during their hunt they had crossed the trail of an enormous bear, and, on the eleventh day, they determined to track him to his rendezvous and kill him at all hazards, as he made the largest track they had ever seen. On taking the trail, their dog refused to follow it

beyond a certain point, whining piteously, a thing he had never been known to do before. After a brief consultation it was foolishly agreed that Cameron should crawl down the canon, while De Jarnatt was to keep along the hillside higher up and watch for any movement in the brush. They had gone but a short distance when the

bear sprang up from the chaparral brush between them and started down toward Cameron.

De Jarnatt followed as rapidly as possible but only arrived in time to see his companion in the clutches of the infuriated brute, his gun broken, his left arm in the bear's mouth, but still firing his heavy navy revolver with his right. He fired three shots into the animal with a heavy Winchester rifle, which caused it to turn upon him knocking his gun about forty feet away at the first stroke of his enormous paw.

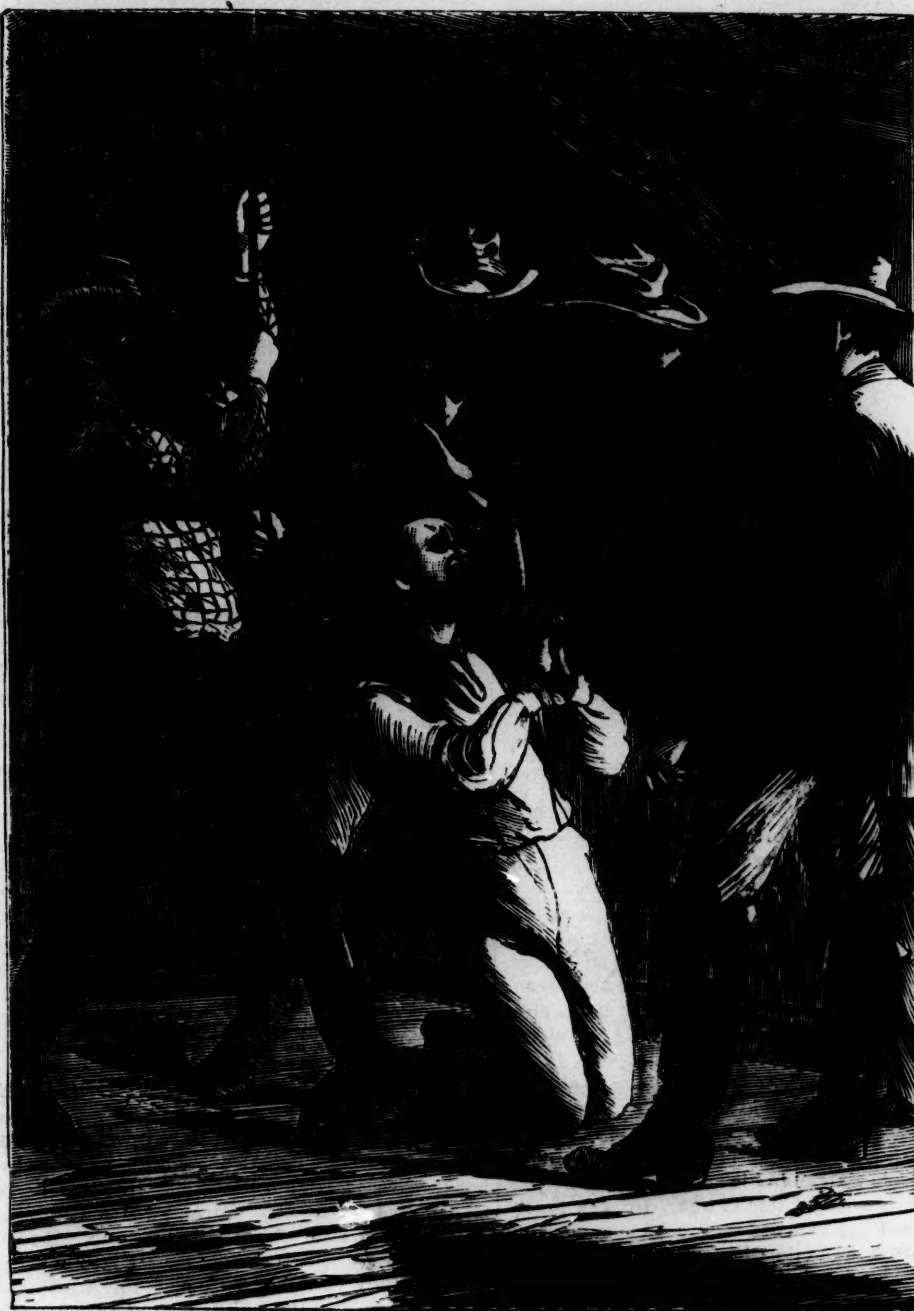
De Jarnatt still defended himself as best he could with his revolver and knife, firing four shots into the beast's open mouth, but apparently without effect. His companion in the meantime had crawled up, and, as the bear was seizing the now apparently lifeless body of De Jarnatt, as if to drag it away, he placed his revolver to its ear and fired, emptying his last load and fortunately the ball penetrated the brain and the huge beast rolled over without a struggle.

The men were found in an insensible condition by a party of hunters, about an hour after the firing ceased. After being cared for they were both able to converse about the affair. De Jarnatt's nose and right ear are entirely gone and Cameron's face is lacerated almost beyond recognition. The bear was a female, very poor, and weighed 850 pounds. The skin, which contains sixteen bullet holes, has been preserved and will be stuffed.

Sensational Scene in a Car.

(Subject of Illustration.)

NELSON FURNACE, Ky., September 2.—An exciting scene occurred at St. Mary's Station late this afternoon as the north-bound freight train was passing. Some time since James Minor, a reputable gentleman of Lebanon, parted from his wife on the ground of her lewd conduct, since which time she is reported to be keeping a house of ill-repute in Rome City. Two boys aged six and eight years were left with the father. To-day the mother managed to slip into Lebanon, got the boys and took them five miles north to St. Mary's. In the meantime Minor heard of the kidnapping, and in order to intercept the woman boarded the train at Lebanon and upon its arrival at St. Mary's she attempted to get aboard. A fight ensued in the caboose, which resulted in the woman cutting and tearing his clothing near entirely off, and he came out badly worsted. During the melee Minor was knocked headlong into the lap of a new bride, who blushed in profusion and whose husband helped him up by a heavy lift under the jaw. The little boys over whom the fight occurred were hurried out and fell beneath the cars, where they narrowly escaped being crushed as the train had started. Both were more or less hurt. They were secured and returned to the father. Hundreds of people were attracted to the scene and the excitement ran high during the storm.



JOHN RICHMOND, A HORSE THIEF AND MURDERER, HUNG TO THE RAFTERS OF A BRIDGE BY LYNCHERS, NEAR OLATOPAH, KANSAS.—SEE PAGE 11.

TWO FRENCH BUTCHERS.

Barre and Lebiez, the Parisian Murder Fiends, Guillotined for the Assassination and Atrocious Mutilation of Madame Gillet to Obtain the Money of their Victim.

PARIS, September 7.—At daybreak this morning the two murderers, Barre and Lebiez, condemned to death July 31 for the murder of Madame Gillet, were guillotined. Usually the time fixed for an execution is kept a profound secret up to the last moment, not only to the condemned, but the public. But by some means a rumor that the execution would take place on or about this day had been circulated, and a careful watch had been maintained upon the prison by those interested in selling seats in houses which command a view of the place of execution.

Before daylight this morning it was seen that the guillotine had arrived, and that workmen were putting it up. In an incredibly short time the news had been sent to the cafes and restaurants on the boulevards, and to other places, and an immense crowd soon gathered. Some of the spectators had engaged their places days before, on condition that they should be notified when to attend.

The crime of Barre and Lebiez was a most atrocious one, and their trial had caused

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN PARIS.

Both of them were men of good education, and Lebiez had talents



HENRY JUMPERT, ALLEGED MURDERER OF HIS MISTRESS IN CHICAGO, IN 1858.—SEE PAGE 2.



PATRICK MCGLEW, A NOTED CHICAGO BURGLAR.—SEE PAGE 2.

tered their cells, and each of the men was then left alone for five minutes with the priest. The executioner and his assistants then appeared, the shirt collars of the condemned were cut off, and their hair rudely shortened, their arms were pinioned and they were hurried toward the door, in front of which the guillotine stood. These movements were all executed with such rapidity and precision that neither of the men had time to speak, scarcely to think.

As the door sprang open and the men caught sight of the guillotine, they recoiled. The crowd gave forth a hoarse murmur. The executioner was marvelously rapid in his movements. In an instant Barre was thrust forward against the upright of the guillotine and strapped to it, the plank was thrown forward, the knife fell, and his head tumbled into the basket. The execution of Lebiez was equally quick, and all was over in less than three minutes.

A Fiendish Father's Crime.

SEDALIA, Mo., September 8.—Information of a heinous crime almost without precedence in the annals of Central Missouri was made known here yesterday. In the western part of Camden county, about fifty miles southwest of Sedalia, resides a well-to-do farmer named Adkins. He is a widower, his wife dying several years ago, leaving him the care of three children, the eldest a girl aged about eleven. Previous to his wife's death he became notorious for cruelty to his children, and within the last year his temper has become ungovernable. When in these fits of anger

his whole spite seems to be toward his children, especially the eldest. So great has been her punishment that on more than one occasion of late she has run away from home to near neighbors to evade her father's wicked blows.

Only a few days ago she again went to her friends, hoping that his anger would pass over during her absence, expressing the fear that in her debilitated and almost helpless condition he would kill her. Adkins sought her at once, and taking her home coolly prepared himself to appease in a manner his terrible vengeance. Several of his neighbors accompanied him and attempted to persuade him from the punishment, but he drove them away with curses, vowing his intention of ruling his family as he saw fit, and killing them if necessary. With a trace chain he fastened the eldest daughter to a gate-post and with a whip made from hickory and thorn bushes he beat her with both hands until she fell fainting. The neighbors then came to her rescue and arrested Adkins.

The girl was taken into the house in a comatose condition, and so remained for nearly two days, when death ensued. Adkins was taken before a justice and heavily fined. There is great excitement in that neighborhood, and it is quite probable Judge Lynch will be called upon to deal out summary vengeance.

Boston's Criminal Sensation.

BOSTON, Mass., September 8.—The outrage and murder of the woman found in the Charles river here a few days since is the



PRIVATE JAMES AHERN, 3RD U. S. ARTILLERY, MYSTERIOUSLY MURDERED IN NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 2.

and acquirements above the average of men even of his own class.

Their victim was a milk-woman, who had saved a considerable sum of money by long and painful economy. She sold milk in the mornings and worked as charwoman during the day. On the 24th of March she suddenly disappeared. Her friends gave the alarm; the police searched her room and found about 400 francs, but her friends said that she had been possessed of more than 10,000 francs, of which no trace was found.

On the same day two young men hired a furnished room in the Rue Poliveau, one of them calling himself Emile Gerard, a student, aged twenty-six years, and paying a week's rent in advance. One of them came back early next day with a parcel, which he placed in a closet, locked it, and took away the key with him. Neither of them returned, and at the expiration of a week the woman of the house opened the closet, and found that the package contained the arms and legs of a human body wrapped in an old shirt marked "L. M."

THE LIMBS WERE THOSE OF A WOMAN.

They bore traces of violence, and had been cut from the body by one who understood anatomy. The papers of the missing woman Gillet contained a memorandum of the securities she had purchased, and some of these were traced to brokers who had received them of an Agent de Charge named Barre. He was arrested, his apartments searched, and in them were found sheets bearing the initials "L. M.," and identical with those in which the limbs had been found. Barre confessed that he had murdered Madame Gillet, and said his accomplices were Lebiez, a medical student, and Leontine Morris, his mistress, whose initials were on the sheets.

Both Barre and Lebiez were of exceedingly loose habits and involved in pecuniary difficulties. They murdered their victim on March 23. Barre had directed her to bring some milk to his apartments. On entering, he struck her on the head with a hammer, while Lebiez stabbed her. A box had been procured for the body, but it proved to be too small. The arms and legs were cut off and disposed of as stated. The trunk was sent in the box to the Orleans railroad station as luggage.

Immediately after the murder Barre went to his victim's house and obtained her securities, which he divided with Lebiez. The latter used his share of the money in entering into partnership with a journalist for founding a newspaper. The two men were tried and

CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

The woman Leontine was sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

Shortly before daylight this morning the condemned men were informed that their hour had come. The jailer, accompanied by a priest en-



FIRE MARSHAL MATTHIAS BENNER, CHIEF OF THE CHICAGO FIRE DEPARTMENT.—SEE PAGE 2.

sensation of the hour. The body was identified as that of Annie Ryan by a woman who claimed to have once employed her as cook, while a wealthy gentleman of Dorchester at the time identified her as one Annie Hayes, who once worked for him as a cook. This was on Saturday, but early this morning both parties were found to have made a mistake of her identity.

The police were at a loss to trace either Annie Ryan or Annie Hayes, but your correspondent, working independent of them, found, both alive and well early this morning. Miss Hayes was found at the Woman's Temporary Home, and Miss Ryan at the house of an acquaintance at Somerville. The police are now at sea as much as when they began the investigation, with the victim not identified.

She was, however, seen in the vicinity of the scene of the murder on Tuesday afternoon, but nothing more is known. There is not the least doubt of the woman having been murdered, as the body indicated she was choked and then outraged, the villain using a knife on her person, and then thrown into the river. Several parties have been arrested on suspicion but have been discharged. The scene of the tragedy is in the neighborhood of residences of the Boston, and the victim is now supposed to be that of a domestic who resided in the vicinity.

A Discarded Mistress' Fury.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Officer Zwichert of the Eighty-eighth street police, while passing up First avenue, near 109th street, on Monday evening, 9th inst., noticed a couple walking just ahead of him, apparently breathing words of love to each other. Behind them walked a woman greatly excited. Presently the latter drew a large knife and flourished it in the air.

Then she rushed forward and aimed what would probably have been a fatal thrust of the knife into the man's back, but as the weapon descended it was sent flying into the air by a blow from Officer Zwichert's club. The would-be murderess was arrested and the following facts were elicited: The prisoner, Eliza Avery, is a comely woman of twenty-three. For nearly three years she had lived with Francisco Otard as his wife, in apartments on First avenue. A short time ago she went abroad on a visit, and during her absence Otard married. She returned on Monday and then heard of Francisco's inconstancy. She purchased a stiletto and awaited his return from business. When she saw him with his wife she rushed towards him as described fully determined to kill him.

While in the custody of the officer, she turned to her intended victim, and said in low, calm tones: "If I am sent to prison for this, be it six months or six years, when I am free I will kill you. Remember it." Judge Wheeler held her in \$1,000 bail.

FAIR ABBIE'S FATE.

A Leaf From the Dark Pages of Texas Annals, in the Provincial Days of the Lone Star State.

CAUSELESS JEALOUSY

On the Part of her Aunt Fires the Latter to the Fiendish Murder of her Beautiful Niece.

A BLOOD-CURLING TRAGEDY.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, September 2.—Among all the long list of sickening murders and dark and bloody assassinations that tinge with red the otherwise fair history of early Texas annals, none surpass an appalling tragedy that happened very many long years ago on the banks of Buffalo Bayou and in the eastern suburbs of the city of Houston, then a moderate sized village. The circumstances of this most foul crime still linger in the memories of the old settlers, and its horror yet haunts their imagination.

In the provincial days of the young republic of Texas there lived a man named Monroe, who, with his wife, occupied a pretty, white painted cottage that loomed up from the grass-grown summit of a hill which, from the northwest, overlooks the deep and dark waters of the bayou. Monroe was the third husband of the woman with whom he now lived as his wife. What calling he followed at that pristine period is not known, nor is it exactly necessary to the tragic and dark story in which he was one of the conspicuous characters. Some considerable time before the incident about to be related, Monroe brought out his niece from the state of New York. As he had no children of his own, she was quite a favorite with her uncle. Scarcely fourteen, "Abbie"—that was her name—was indeed one of the most beautiful of her sex, and, with the blushes of the maiden, just emerging into the

FIRST YEARS OF WOMANHOOD.

Of medium height, and to a form of rare grace and exquisite mold, Miss Abbie added the attractions of a lovely physiognomy. The regularity of her marble-like features was set off by clouds of dark hair, that hung over a pure forehead or strayed over white shoulders. The deep, rather sad expression of the large, dark eyes was still more interesting from the girlish smile that not seldom wreathed lips that curled like those of statues. Miss Abbie passed several months in the happy home of her uncle and aunt. Her rosy cheek, used to the joy blasts that sweep over the sterile hills of the north, responded to the welcome caresses of the Gulf breeze that all summer sweeps off the bosom of the thermal Mexican Sea. The young, fair and beautiful victim, so soon to be laid a pure sacrifice on the altar of the murderer Moloch, passed those moments of innocent happiness totally unconscious that the green-eyed demon invaded the household, that the fates were already weaving the meshes of her destiny, or that—now a thing of beauty—she should soon be numbered with the dead. The aunt, passionately attached to her husband, first with a suspicious eye regarded his attention to their niece, and the strong and consuming jealousy took entire possession of her.

This maddened the elder woman, and she seized upon the very first opportunity of revenge on her supposed rival, whom she determined to get out of the way.

The opportunity came. Monroe was absent on the Bay of Galveston; the aunt and niece were alone. No one was present to witness the terrible crime that followed—to behold the devilish savagery of the one or the helpless and

TERRIBLE DEATH OF THE OTHER.

Late in the afternoon of the day on which Miss Abbie, the niece, was last seen in this life, a neighbor of the Monroe family heard the screams of the girl, as though violently beaten by the aunt. After a few minutes the cries suddenly became hushed, and all again was still. It appears from testimony subsequently adduced in the court that the bloody minded aunt did indeed assault and beat the young girl there alone together at the house, the niece being physically her aunt's inferior, and unable to defend herself from the murderous attack of the old she-devil. The latter, after beating the young girl almost to insensibility, seized a handkerchief and ball of cobalt. The cobalt she forced down the throat of her innocent victim, and gagged her by tying the handkerchief across her mouth. This female fiend then seized by the throat and choked her till life was extinct, and the young heart ceased its pulsations forever.

Having committed the horrid deed, the murderess immediately set about saving herself from the consequences of the crime. The shadows of a southern twilight were creeping over the veranda of the Monroe cottage as the woman-goblin made preparations for the interment of the corpse. Such implements as the murderess could command were brought into

requisition, and with her own hands a shallow grave, or rather hole, was excavated under the floor of the dwelling—shallow, most fortunately for the ends of justice and the unearthing of

THE AUNT'S FOUL AND HORRID CRIME.

Had the excavation been deeper, the fate of the poor girl might never have been discovered, as the sequel shows. A few days after the murder, the absence of Miss Abbie was noticed by the neighbors, but from the plausible excuses of the aunt, nothing strange was thought of the circumstance. A little girl, however, accidentally called attention to the grave under the floor. Suspicion was aroused; investigations followed; there was an exhumation; the body was taken up: the cobalt found in the throat; the aunt's finger marks on the former white and delicate neck. The body was closely examined by the physicians. The aunt was arrested and charged with the murder. Her story was that one of her sons by a former husband had accomplished the ruin of the young girl, who, becoming envious, made way with herself, and that it was suicide instead of murder.

The plausible lie of the designing woman, however, was completely upset by the testimony of the physicians who examined the corpse of the girl, and declared she had gone to her tragic death in a state of virgin purity. Monroe, the uncle, was also arrested, charged with being an accomplice, and though it was generally believed he had no hand in the murder, was with his wife, sentenced to the state penitentiary, where he died before the conclusion of the term. His wife, after serving some years, was pardoned out by General Sam Houston, the then Governor of Texas.

The Missouri Train Wreckers.

WAYNESVILLE, Mo., September 10.—In the case of the Woodend train wreckers the argument on the demurrer against the plea in bar against further prosecution against Gibson was heard today. O. C. Bland, attorney for the defense, held that the trial and acquittal of Gibson on the indictment for the killing of Caton were a sufficient bar to the further prosecution of the prisoner for the killing of the fireman Richardson, as charged in the second indictment. Mr. John Oday held that the plea in bar was bad, because a former trial and acquittal are no bar unless the first indictment was such as the accused might have been convicted upon by proof of the facts set forth in the second indictment; that to constitute a bar the offense charged in both indictments must be identically the same in law as well as in fact. The first indictment charged the killing of Caton; the second of Richardson. Therefore, it was not the same offense in law or in fact. The fact is, could the defendant have been convicted on the indictment upon the evidence which the state must produce to sustain the second? On the first indictment the state should have proved the killing of Caton and could not convict the defendant by proving that he wrecked the train and killed Richardson instead of Caton. Judge Hill decided that the demurrer ought to be sustained. The case was then continued by the state until next March. O. C. Bland filed an application for his client to be admitted to bail, which was granted, the bond being fixed at \$10,000, and the prisoner was discharged.

Horrible Case of Suicide.

BALTIMORE, Md., September 10.—A special from St. Michael's, Md., gives particulars of a horrible suicide by throat-cutting on Monday night, about midnight. The victim was Harry Neavitt, aged twenty-one, son of a wealthy farmer. Shortly before twelve o'clock Mr. John Neavitt made his way toward the pump, intending to get a drink of water. He had not been gone long before his son jumped out of bed, awaking his mother, and followed his father down stairs. The mother called to and asked him where he was going. Telling her that he was going down stairs to get a knife and peel potatoes, he moved quickly from the room and out of her sight. Mrs. Neavitt sprang out of bed at once and followed him. She ran to the window, called her husband, and then rushed frantically down the stairway.

When the mother and father reached the kitchen it was too late. The young man was lying on the floor, with three or four rough, horrible-looking gashes running the whole length of his throat. He lingered for several hours in horrible agony, and was finally released by death.

Defaulting Bank President.

DALLAS, TEXAS, September 10.—E. H. Gruber, late a President of the State Savings Bank, was arrested this evening at the instigation of John Alcott and Thomas A. Lilly on a charge of embezzlement. A bond of \$10,000 was fixed, in default of which he was committed. Gruber went into bankruptcy August 31st, assuming as personal debt the liabilities. When the bank failed the liabilities were estimated at \$57,000; nominal assets, \$40,000, which will not pay one cent on the dollar. Gruber assumed the liabilities of the bank as personal liabilities when he filed the petition in bankruptcy. Alcott and Lilly were depositors in the bank.

A GHASTLY SOUVENIR.

By Preserving his First Wife's Skull as a Memento of the Dear Departed, a Morbidly Romantic Frenchman Excites the Jealousy of his Second Ditto and Gets Into Trouble.

PARIS, August 24.—Paul Sabde, of Carpentras, near Nîmes, France, is a stonemason by trade, and has always borne an irreproachable character, steady, sober, honest and industrious. He married a young woman to whom he was greatly attached, and with her led for some time an uninterrupted happy life. She died in the year 1871, and after a decent interval, Sabde, who seems to have been most fortunate in his selections, married again, in 1873, one Louise Rome. Complete harmony reigned in the household over which the new wife presided, and, until a few months back, no dark cloud of any kind hovered in the domestic horizon; nothing occurred calculated in the slightest degree to mar the happiness of the exemplary pair, or disturb the amicable relations subsisting between man and wife. Madame Sabde the second seems to have had a trifling fault—one not unusually characterizing her amiable sex in general, and lively Frenchwomen in particular. She was decidedly inquisitive, and not unnaturally her curiosity was most actively manifested in her desire to examine into everything pertaining to her husband. One box belonging to him particularly excited her curiosity. Taking advantage of a favorable opportunity she opened the box, and among other miscellaneous property her attention was particularly attracted by something carefully enveloped in a clean white cloth and carefully laid in one corner of the trunk. She undid the wrapping which hid the contents, and

FOUND A HUMAN SKULL.

Immediately hastening to her husband, she imperatively demanded a satisfactory explanation of this remarkable discovery. M. Sabde, with the utmost gravity and imperturbability, listened to his wife's observations and expostulations, and briefly told her "it was a souvenir of his first wife which he had been anxious to procure, and valued highly as a memento of the departed," naively and considerably adding that if the "presence of the head of his former wife was in the least degree unpleasant to madame, he entertained no scruples, and would not hesitate at once to get rid of it." The lady, who not unreasonably objected to so extraordinary a memento of the late possessor of her husband's affections, did decidedly not the relic disagreeable. Accordingly the compliant M. Paul Sabde unceremoniously pitched the skull of his late lamented and esteemed first wife over the boundary wall of the public cemetery. Agreeably terminated to his wife's satisfaction and his own, the matter apparently was settled. But only apparently, for M. Paul Sabde's peculiar predilection for a portion of his late spouse's frame led to unpleasant consequences. Besides the trifling fault of inquisitiveness, Madame Sabde was rather addicted to gossip, and in the strictest confidence, of course, imparted to a bosom friend the secret of her husband's memento of his first wife. The result of the confidential communication was that in a few weeks the whole district was aware of the fact that the skull of the former Madame Sabde had been

SACRILEGIOUSLY ABSTRACTED FROM HER GRAVE.

The rumors speedily reached the ear of justice, as embodied in the responsible person of the mayor of the town, and Sabde was cited before the tribunal of the Correctional Police at Carpentras, charged with violating the sanctity of the grave-yard, in contravention of the law. A number of witnesses were called in the course of the trial. The principal witnesses were the mayor, M. Edouard Plantin, and the grave-digger of the cemetery. The former, who is by profession a physician, deposed that in the middle of the month of May last year Sabde called upon him unexpectedly. He explained to the worthy mayor that the grave in which his former wife's remains were deposited was about to be opened for the purpose of receiving another corpse, and tearfully implored an authorization, addressed to the grave-digger, to permit him to remove a portion of bone, no matter how small, of the deceased, which he wished to retain as a souvenir of one with whom he had spent so happy a time. Imprudently as M. Plantin admitted he acted in so doing, the required authorization was granted, but only allowing the accused to remove a small portion of bone as a relic. The mayor added that subsequently he heard the rumors afloat respecting the possession of a skull immediately ordered Sabde to restore it, which the grave-digger afterwards notified

HAD DULY BEEN DONE.

M. Plantin gave the man an excellent character and assured the Court, with the gravity becoming his responsible position, that the accused had "treated the skull with the greatest respect and reverence, had taken every care of it, and kept it in a nice clean cloth, deposited in a box." No doubt this recommendation told upon the Court. The second important witness was the grave-digger, Augustin Moulard. He stated

that Sabde had solicited him to permit the removal of a bone of the deceased woman, but he invariably refused, and on one occasion referred him to the mayor. Some days after the accused made his appearance with the requisite authorization duly signed by M. Plantin, and in compliance therewith he handed Sabde the head of his late wife. He took it, carefully wrapped it in a white cloth, and departed with his souvenir, tearfully and determinedly avowing to the grave-digger that "the beloved head should not return to earth until he himself was also deposited there." Not the least humorous fact in the case was the assertion made by the mother of Sabde, who positively asseverated that the head so carefully guarded by her son was not the skull of his wife at all. There were still, she informed the grave-digger, traces of

A HEARD UPON THE FACT.

This could clearly not have been the fact had it been the late Madame Sabde's head; and she further stated her deliberate conviction, in which many neighbors concurred, that the skull was that of an individual well known throughout the whole of the district as the "Pied de Bourgne." Some additional conflicting evidence was given as to whether Sabde had or had not asked for the head, the grave-digger asserting he had, and the accused stating he simply asked for a bone and the grave-digger gave him the skull. In the result, the court was unanimously of opinion that the 360th Article of the Penal Code had not been violated, there having been no attempt at sacrilege, and no endeavor had been made to disturb willfully the sanctity of the grave. The accused was accordingly acquitted by the Correctional Tribunal of Carpentras. The public authorities who prosecuted were dissatisfied with the verdict, and the case was taken to the Superior Court, at Nîmes. The judges, however, took a humane view of the conduct of the accused, and, having regard principally to the motive which induced him to obtain possession of the extraordinary souvenir of his wife, simply reaffirmed the judgment of the court below.

A Desperate Lover.

A correspondent writing from Hayden Hill, Lassen county, Cal., says a bloody affray took place in Big Valley, in this county, on the 20th ult., between De Witt Brownell and Henry Holcomb, which resulted in the shooting of Holcomb and the slight cutting of Brownell. The circumstances of the difficulty as near as can be learned are about as follows: For more than a year Brownell has been paying his addresses to a very estimable young lady in the neighborhood, and is generally acknowledged an accorded suitor. Holcomb a few months ago became acquainted and infatuated with the lady, and has many times made advances toward her, and has as many times been turned away; yet the repulse did not seem to cool his ardor. He regarded Brownell as his rival and the sole cause of his disappointment, and at various times threatened him. The day on which the difficulty took place Brownell returned from eastern Oregon, where he had been (owing to the Indian difficulty) to look after his sheep interest. The two young men chanced to meet at the same place, whereupon Holcomb informed Brownell that he had a settlement to make with him, and immediately attacked him with an ax. Brownell drew a dorringer and fired, the shot taking effect in the head of his assailant. The wound is serious but not necessarily mortal. Brownell received a slight cut back of the right ear and a bruise on the head. No arrests have been made. Brownell is an old settler in Big Valley, a steady young man and highly respected by all who knew him. Holcomb has been but a few months in the country, consequently but little is known of him, but he seems to be a man of steady, industrious habits.

A Baffling Murder Case.

SPRINGFIELD, O., September 6.—In all the leading papers of the country was published an account of the assassination of Samuel Armstrong, a wealthy farmer residing two miles west of the little city of London, Ohio. At 1 o'clock on the night of Tuesday, August 20, Armstrong was shot while asleep in bed by his wife's side. When shot his back was turned to the door and window facing his bed. The door and window were open. He was shot in the back of the head, over the left ear. The only occupants of the house were Armstrong, wife, two children and mother-in-law, Martha Dorey. No clue of any kind was discovered as to the presence of an outsider. Two watchdogs had free range of the house and yard. On purely supposed circumstantial evidence the mother-in-law, Mrs. Dorey, was arrested. At the examination yesterday not a particle of evidence against her was obtained, and she was released amid much excitement and congratulation. At the time of her arrest public opinion was against her; now it is warmly in her favor.

Not the least tangible clue to the criminal can be found, although the best detective talent in the land has handled the case. A more mysterious murder is unknown in Ohio. A reward of \$1,000 is offered for the arrest and conviction of the criminal. A more baffling crime was never committed in this neighborhood.

VICE'S VARIETIES.

An Assorted List of Evil Deeds and Evil Deers Collected by Gazette Correspondents in all Quarters.

THE body of a man who had been brutally murdered was found on the 8th, in Mason's woods, near Portland, Maine.

AN unknown white man was found freshly murdered on the edge of the river at Mound City, Ill. The murderers are unknown.

THE notorious Gerry and his four companions, who broke jail in Lincoln, Neb., on Friday night, 6th inst., were recaptured near Nebraska City on the following day.

IN New Orleans, on the 9th, James Dickson, colored, shot and killed John Smith, colored, who had refused Dickson the hand of his daughter. The murderer was jailed.

AT Virginia, Nev., on the 1st, there was a Chinese row over the possession of a wash-house, which resulted in a big fight, during which one Chinaman was killed and four others badly cut.

ON the night of the 9th, Pinckney Bell, a white man, in jail at Murfreesboro, Tenn., was taken out and lynched for killing a constable of Rutherford county, who attempted to arrest him.

JAMES TIBBETT, who is charged with the burglary of the post-office at Mahomet, Champaign county, Ill., some days ago, was brought to Springfield, Ill., on the 9th, and waived an examination for the present.

AT Kokomo, Ind., on the 7th, Constable Burk shot Pollard Young for resisting arrest and drawing a revolver on officers. Young had his revolver presented ready to fire upon a deputy when shot. His recovery is doubtful.

ON the 7th, Sheriff Elliott returned from Springfield, Ill., from New York, having in custody John A. Westlake, who is charged with stealing \$200, and who was arrested at New York as he was going on board a steamer for Europe.

IT has been discovered that Harry Williams, of Naples, was the man whose murdered body was found in Deerfield, Maine. Charles E. Prescott, of Windham, was arrested on the 10th for the crime and confessed that he killed the man while drunk.

AT Dundas, Ont., early on the morning of the 9th, five masked men entered the Great Western railroad station, tied and gagged the watchman and blew open the safe, which contained about \$100 and a check for a small amount. The burglars escaped.

THE mystery surrounding the Callison murder at Deadwood, D. T., is being solved. M. L. Cook, of the Model brewery, has been arrested charged with having committed the deed. Mr. and Mrs. Bouton are held as accessories. Startling developments are expected soon.

ON the 1st, the dead body of an old man, named Frederick Fulland, was found with a rope about his neck on the public road, near Yuba City, Cal. He had evidently tied the rope to the fence, jumped off the top rail and died from strangulation. He was sixty-seven years of age and a native of Prussia.

IN Indianapolis, Ind., on the night of the 6th, Patrick Foley a South Illinois street saloon keeper, was arrested for dealing in counterfeit silver. He operated among the market people, and had flooded certain districts with spurious coin. Prior to his capture a considerable quantity of the stuff was also captured.

AT Green Bay, Wis., on the 7th, Jake Daxtater, an Oneida Indian, and Elizabeth Harris, a white married woman, underwent preliminary examination on the charge of adultery. The woman claimed that her husband had deserted her, and she had been living with Daxtater on the reservation nominally as his housekeeper.

JOHNSON, the well known horse-thief of Sag Creek, D. T., was captured on the 7th in close proximity to Government mules that had been stolen from camp the night previous, and is now in the guard house. The evidence on hand cannot fail to convict him, and he will probably be sent to Cheyenne for trial. The mules were recovered.

IN a quarrel on Sunday, 8th inst., between the Donizans and Mulville families in Brooklyn, Michael Mulville's skull was fractured with an iron spike by Frank Donizans. Mulville was sent to the College Hospital, and after remaining there an hour he got up, lighted his pipe, and walked out, swearing that he wasn't a case for the doctors yet.

AT Tobaccostick, Md., on the 9th, Mary Candy, aged eighteen years, and not of good character, had two lovers, John H. Wheatley, aged twenty, and George W. Bramble, aged twenty-five. Bramble stopped Wheatley and Mary as they were promenade, and demanded the girl's company, whereupon Wheatley shot Bramble fatally with a revolver and was arrested.

AT Nashua, N. H., Jimmy Blanchard, the famous representative of Charlie Ross, pleaded guilty of stealing, and was sentenced to three years in the state prison, but sentence was finally changed to the reform school during his minority; if not well behaved there the original sentence to be enforced. Jimmy smiled, and, no doubt, believes that he will escape from the school before long.

IN Shelbyville, Ind., on the night of the 6th, Charles Misor, aged sixteen, of Milford, Decatur county, was severely cut in the abdomen by Jerry Woodruff, aged fifteen, of the former place. The physicians called in replaced the protruding entrails and dressed the boy's wound, which is pronounced dangerous, but not necessarily fatal. Young Woodruff was arrested and confined in jail.

JESSE WILSON, the life member who escaped from Wisconsin state prison on the 3d, was captured on the 5th, near Waukegan, Wis. The roads were so well picketed that it was almost impossible for him to stir. As he stepped from a hay stack where he had been hiding all day, he was immediately covered by the firearms of his captors. He surrendered without resistance. They will claim the reward.

AT Evansville, Ind., on the 7th, Laura McGlosson, wife of John McGlosson, charged with the burglary of the Odd Fellows' safe on July 4, was arrested and \$600 found in her bed. She charges that the officers put the money there and took it out again. The affair has created intense excitement for two months, and the present developments heighten it. The woman was not put in jail, but is in a hotel, guarded by officers.

NATHAN HOPKINS, of Ottville, Mich., has been bound over to the Circuit Court, on examination, for rape committed on a little daughter of Mrs. Ford, of the same place, aged seven years. The mother of the child was absent picking berries when the brute entered the house, throwing the little girl on a bed where his hellish designs were carried out, injuring her in a horrible manner. Hopkins is now in jail. He is about thirty-five years of age and has a wife and two children.

FOR some time it had been known to San Francisco detectives that Tom Lawton, the outlaw, was hiding among the trees near Firebaugh's Ferry, Fresno county, and a strict watch had been kept in that vicinity for the murderer. On the night of the 1st, Lawton emerged from his hiding place, was immediately surrounded, and while resisting arrest was fired upon and killed, four bullets taking effect in his body. The remains were taken to Sacramento for identification and interment.

AT Macomb, Ill., on the 9th, while Sheriff Charles Hays was endeavoring to quell a disturbance among the prisoners in the McDonough county jail, a prisoner in on a charge of burglary assaulted him with a slop-bucket, emptying its contents into his face. Hays immediately drew his revolver and shot the prisoner through the heart, killing him instantly. The name of the prisoner is unknown. He was arrested a short time ago while attempting to commit a burglary at Macomb.

ABOUT three months ago Mr. J. J. Sutton, of Columbus, Wis., had his house, barn and five horses burned. He employed detectives to work up the case. Their labors culminated in the arrest of Julius Fox, former proprietor of the Fox House, of Columbus. Two of Fox's employees were arrested—M. Claudot in Milwaukee and H. Grehl in Minnesota. Grehl informed the detective that Fox hired him and his companion to set the fire. They are now in jail. Fox is out on \$5,000 bail.

IN connection with the Stickney defalcation in Boston, Mass., it is rumored that a forged note of \$10,000, given to the First National Bank of Chelsea, has been discovered. Inquiry developed the fact that such a note was held, indorsed by Chas. P. Stickney, Wm. P. Davol, and the Manufacturers' Gas Company, by Chas. P. Stickney, as treasurer. An attachment of the face value of the note was made on the property of the last named this morning. The parties at interest claim that the note is genuine.

SUAREZ, the Cuban murderer of his fellow-countryman and benefactor, LeBlanc, in Philadelphia is the fourth blood-stained criminal of whom the police of that city are now in search, viz.: Dennis Haley, who killed the fireman, Spekle, with a paving stone, in November last, at Second and Race streets, and is thought to have gone to Ireland; Cooper, the rabbit-headed negro, who gave the colored woman a fatal push and kick in Turner street, in June last; the atrocious Geidlich, and the latest fugitive, Suarez.

A SHOOTING affray occurred near Waynetown, Ind., at a basket meeting on Sunday, 8th inst. between Joe Riester and William Miller. Riester accused Miller of saying that he intended to whip him. Miller denied it, and called him a liar. Miller then drew a revolver and fired at Riester, the ball taking effect in the abdomen of the latter. Riester returned the fire, the ball striking Miller in the shoulder. Each exchanged shots again, seven or eight being fired in all. Riester will probably die from the effects of his wounds.

ON the 7th the convicted Molly Maguire of Westmoreland county, Pa., were sentenced by Judge Logan, of Greensburg, as follows: Peter Hanger, who was convicted of murder in the second degree for killing William Hare, a miner, who worked at the time of a strike, was sentenced to solitary confinement in the Western Penitentiary for seven years. John Dorn and John Gorman, the Molly Maguires who cut the telegraph wires at Irwin, were sentenced to the work-house, the former for one year and the latter for nine months.

ON the 6th, a shooting affair occurred near Zion Church, Bullitt county, Ky., in which a man named Robert Evans was shot in the right breast by a young man named Cooleridge. Cooleridge was returning from Bardonia with a lady, and was driving a light buggy. Evans was driving a heavy wagon in an opposite direction and when the parties met a collision occurred between the vehicles, which caused rough words, and a consequent exchange of shots. Cooleridge was shot through three fingers on the left hand. Neither is necessarily fatally injured.

CHARLES HIGBY, the man who has been in jail at New Brighton, Pa., for some time past awaiting trial on a charge of the murder of Benjamin Sheridan in the courts of Beaver county, was acquitted on the 7th. The position taken by the defense was that Higby was defending his house when he committed the deed, and his acquittal was on the ground that he had a right so to do. It will be remembered that the two men, Sheridan and Hunter attempted to break into a house owned by Higby, and that he stabbed them. Sheridan died a few days after, and the other has died since.

A DESPERATE fight occurred in Hancock county, Ga., on the night of the 10th, between Deputy United States Marshal Gamsden, who was accompanied by a posse, and two young men named Ennis, whom the sheriff desired to arrest for carrying on an illicit distillery in Baldwin county. Two of the posse were shot, one of these named Jack Rimbrow was mortally wounded, and died to-day at Millidgeville; another named James Laney, was seriously wounded in the hip and abdomen, but will recover. The two distillers are still at large, and the marshal when reinforced will make another endeavor to arrest them.

A SAD case of seduction came to light on the 8th, in Covington, Ky. Mr. John Christy, a boatman, came down the river three weeks ago, in a little boat, on his way to the Arkansas river. All his family had been ill with chills and fever; he landed and tied up his craft until they should get well. Luella, his daughter, eighteen years of age, required a physician and from him the father learned that his daughter would soon become a mother. On the 8th the girl died without revealing the name of the author of her shame. The dead girl had been carefully reared by her parents, and was never suspected of any disposition to stray from the right path.

LATE Saturday night, 7th inst., Officer Kelly of the Twenty-ninth precinct heard two pistol shots and the noise of fighting in the disorderly house 137 West Twenty-sixth street, kept by Isabella Lewis. He procured assistance and made a raid on the premises. A free fight was going on, and the officer found Francis Gould, a brother of the notorious Bill Gould, who was killed some time ago, fighting with and beating Nellie Raymond, also James McMurray and Charles Smith. The prisoners were all brought before Justice Kasimire, and Gould and the girl Raymond were fined \$10 each. Mrs. Lewis was held in \$500 bail for keeping a disorderly house and the other prisoners were discharged.

IN Tybo, Nev., on the 30th ult., a Chinese woman named Di Nan, wife of Jim Fouck, also a Celestial, was kidnapped and taken to Eureka by some Chinamen belonging to a rival company to the one to which her husband belonged. The way the thing was managed was to have Jim Fouck and another Chinaman arrested on an entirely false charge, so late at night that they could not have a hearing, and must go to jail. As soon as the husband was locked up his house was broken open and his wife, Di Nan, to whom he is legally married, was dragged out, thrown into a wagon waiting and driven to Hot Creek, where she was put into the Eureka stage and car-

ried away. Jim went to Eureka to try to recover her and bring some, at least, of the guilty parties to justice.

AT Hastings, Minn., on the 9th, a body was found in the river and has been identified as that of Major John P. Eller, a prominent merchant, who disappeared on Sunday night, 8th inst. He is supposed to have been murdered and thrown into the river. He was an officer in the old First Minnesota Regiment, and formerly Adjutant-General of the state.

THE Governor of Illinois has pardoned Pete Burns, a notorious "thug," out of the county jail, to which he was sent for attempted murder of his wife last July. She, however, only made a charge of assault, on which he was sent to jail by the county judge, for ninety days. A lot of sickly sentimentalists petitioned for his pardon, and the Governor unwisely yielded to their prayer. Burns was about Springfield, Ill., on Saturday, 7th inst., vowing vengeance on all newspaper men and others who had commented on his attempt to murder his wife. He is a plug-ugly and thug as bad as the two recently hanged in Chicago, but the Governor apparently was unaware of his character until after the pardon was granted. There is considerable local feeling over the matter, as Burns is one of the worst characters that ever infested that section.

IN Charleston, S. C., on Friday night, 6th inst., D. L. Thompson, a salesman, was assaulted on the street by a party of white roughs, most brutally beaten, and a large part of his left ear bitten off. Mr. Thompson was assisted to the guard-house, and there he presented a most pitiable sight, covered with blood and his clothes half torn off. Two young white men, named Edward McMaas and Edward Williamson, were arrested, and, at the guard-house were identified by Mr. Thompson as the principal assailants. He said that McMaas bit his ear off, while Williamson beat him in the face with a stick. On the following morning the men accused were discharged, the prosecutor not appearing. The piece of the ear which had been bitten off was found after a diligent search, considerably begrimed, and was readjusted by a doctor. The young man seemed hopeful that it would stick, but the doctor was not sanguine.

A SHORT time since a young lady of Lodi, N. Y., and a visiting friend went out riding with two young men and stopped beside a cool and shady stream to rest. When one of the party proposed that they should take a bath. The idea suited all, and they found a place where they thought they would not be observed, and the young men suggested that they should leave the young ladies to swim. An observer reported that the men were entirely nude, while the women had on their skirts only, and adds that all hands seemed to enjoy the adventure hugely. The affair created no little scandal and excitement in the quiet village as all the parties are highly connected—so much so that the visiting young lady speedily returned home, while the Lodi damsel found it desirable to put herself on the visiting list and departed for a sojourn with friends at a distance. The *World* is dependent, in referring to the affair, says that the young men have started a swimming academy.

IN Gallipolis, Ohio, on the 29th ult., Marshal Campbell, who had been at work on the case for some time, arrested John Montgomery, for being concerned in the counterfeiting operation with which the town has recently been much annoyed. A few days later a stranger in the place made inquiries of a citizen as to the whereabouts of Montgomery. The suspicious of the citizen, a Mr. Harry Bell, were aroused and he investigated the arrest of the stranger, who was found to be not only well filled with bogus coin, but there was discovered on his person a receipted bill for a quantity of tin and blamuth, from Sellen & Co., of Cincinnati, with a formula for the manufacture of counterfeit coin. He had registered at the hotel as John Brown, of Lexington, Ky., but the bill in question was made out in the name of W. A. Cook. He is supposed to belong to the Marietta gang of "queer" manufacturers, and is undoubtedly the party who gave Montgomery the stuff that got him into trouble. On searching Brown's baggage \$150 in counterfeit coin was revealed.

AT Metamora, Ill., considerable excitement prevails among the few who are acquainted with the following developments: For a committee has been at work investigating the accounts of County Treasurer A. M. Whitaker, of Woodford county. The investigation revealed the fact that he is short to the state \$19,000, and to the county \$12,000, with no estimate of how much is due from him to township officers. On Thursday evening, 5th inst., M. E. Davidson, one of the committee, started for Springfield with some of the receipts. He was followed by Whitaker, and just before the train left Chenoa. Whitaker demanded the receipts, but being refused by Davidson he made a grab for them and tore them in two. Davidson knocked him down and preserved the valuable portion of the papers. Whitaker was running on his third term, having been twice elected as the granger candidate, and the last time by the democrats and grangers, or rather by the same element that now raps the green-back party. It is thought that most of the shortage is caused by his attempting to carry too many men for their taxes. If that is true collections may be made to straighten the matter. The office is in the hands of the committee at present.

ABOUT four weeks ago a girl named Givier arrived at her sister's house in Newville, Pa., and asked for admission. She was taken in and found to be half famished and in great distress. She is the daughter of a farmer named Givier, who dwells near Newville. They are a hard-working family, and highly esteemed by their neighbors. The father is sometimes passionate, and all are noted for their muscular development. Two of the daughters can do the work of men and more than one tramp has been obliged to depart hastily on giving the girls his impudence. A youth hired on the farm at times during the past year was treated as one of the family. But when the father discovered improper intimacy between him and one of his daughters his rage was unbounded, and he beat the girl unmercifully with a wagon whip. She escaped from him by jumping from the window and running away under cover of darkness. She knew not where to go to escape the possibility of her being caught and punished again, and for three days she concealed herself in a large forest, afraid to venture forth. On the morning of the fourth day she sought protection under her sister's roof. During the girl's concealment in the forest the family were in a state of agonized suspense, and the father overcome with remorse, as it was feared that she had committed suicide.

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FAIR ABBIE'S FATE.

A Leaf From the Dark Pages of Texas Annals, in the Provincial Days of the Lone Star State.

CAUSELESS JEALOUSY

On the Part of her Aunt Fires the Latter to the Fiendish Murder of her Beautiful Niece.

A BLOOD-CURDLING TRAGEDY.

GALVESTON, Texas, September 2.—Among all the long list of sickening murders and dark and bloody assassinations that tinge with red the otherwise fair history of early Texas annals, none surpass an appalling tragedy that happened very many long years ago on the banks of Buffalo Bayou and in the eastern suburbs of the city of Houston, then a moderate sized village. The circumstances of this most foul crime still linger in the memories of the old settlers, and its horror yet haunts their imagination.

In the provincial days of the young republic of Texas there lived a man named Monroe, who, with his wife, occupied a pretty, white painted cottage that loomed up from the grass-grown summit of a hill which, from the northwest, overlooks the deep and dark waters of the bayou. Monroe was the third husband of the woman with whom he now lived as his wife. What calling he followed at that pristine period is not known, nor is it exactly necessary to the tragic and dark story in which he was one of the conspicuous characters. Some considerable time before the incident about to be related, Monroe brought out his niece from the state of New York. As he had no children of his own, she was quite a favorite with her uncle. Scarcely fourteen, "Abbie"—that was her name—was indeed one of the most beautiful of her sex, and, with the blushes of the maiden, just emerging into the

FIRST YEARS OF WOMANHOOD.

Of medium height, and to a form of rare grace and exquisite mold, Miss Abbie added the attractions of a lovely physiognomy. The regularity of her marble-like features was set off by clouds of dark hair, that hung over a pure forehead or strayed over white shoulders. The deep, rather sad expression of the large, dark eyes was still more interesting from the girlish smile that not seldom wreathed lips that curled like those of statues. Miss Abbie passed several months in the happy home of her uncle and aunt. Her rosy cheek, used to the icy blasts that sweep over the sterile hills of the north, responded to the welcome caresses of the Gulf breeze that all summer sweeps off the bosom of the thermal Mexican Sea. The young, fair and beautiful victim, so soon to be laid a pure sacrifice on the altar of the murderer Moloch, passed those moments of innocent happiness totally unconscious that the green-eyed demon invaded the household, that the fates were already weaving the meshes of her destiny, or that—now a thing of beauty—she should soon be numbered with the dead. The aunt, passionately attached to her husband, first with a suspicious eye regarded his attention to their niece, and the strong and consuming jealousy took entire possession of her.

This maddened the elder woman, and she seized upon the very first opportunity of revenge on her supposed rival, whom she determined to get out of the way.

The opportunity came. Monroe was absent on the Bay of Galveston; the aunt and niece were alone. No one was present to witness the terrible crime that followed—to behold the devilish savagery of the one or the helpless and

TERRIBLE DEATH OF THE OTHER.

Late in the afternoon of the day on which Miss Abbie, the niece, was last seen in this life, a neighbor of the Monroe family heard the screams of the girl, as though violently beaten by the aunt. After a few minutes the cries suddenly became hushed, and all again was still. It appears from testimony subsequently adduced in the court that the bloody minded aunt did indeed assault and beat the young girl there alone together at the house, the niece being physically her aunt's inferior, and unable to defend herself from the murderous attack of the old she-devil. The latter, after beating the young girl almost to insensibility, seized a handkerchief and ball of cobalt. The cobalt she forced down the throat of her innocent victim, and gagged her by tying the handkerchief across her mouth. This female fiend then seized by the throat and choked her till life was extinct, and the young heart ceased its pulsations forever.

Having committed the horrid deed, the murderess immediately set about saving herself from the consequences of the crime. The shadows of a southern twilight were creeping over the veranda of the Monroe cottage as the woman-ghoul made preparations for the interment of the corpse. Such implements as the murderess could command were brought into

requisition, and with her own hands a shallow grave, or rather hole, was excavated under the floor of the dwelling—shallow, most fortunately for the ends of justice and the unearthing of

THE AUNT'S FOUL AND HORRID CRIME.

Had the excavation been deeper, the fate of the poor girl might never have been discovered, as the sequel shows. A few days after the murder, the absence of Miss Abbie was noticed by the neighbors, but from the plausible excuses of the aunt, nothing strange was thought of the circumstance. A little girl, however, accidentally called attention to the grave under the floor. Suspicion was aroused; investigations followed; there was an exhumation; the body was taken up: the cobalt found in the throat; the aunt's finger marks on the former white and delicate neck. The body was closely examined by the physicians. The aunt was arrested and charged with the murder. Her story was that one of her sons by a former husband had accomplished the ruin of the young girl, who, becoming *enferme*, made way with herself, and that it was suicide instead of murder.

The plausible lie of the designing woman, however, was completely upset by the testimony of the physicians who examined the corpse of the girl, and declared she had gone to her tragic death in a state of virgin purity. Monroe, the uncle, was also arrested, charged with being an accomplice, and though it was generally believed he had no hand in the murder, was with his wife, sentenced to the state penitentiary, where he died before the conclusion of the term. His wife, after serving some years, was pardoned out by General Sam Houston, the then Governor of Texas.

The Missouri Train Wreckers.

WAYNESVILLE, Mo., September 10.—In the case of the Woodend train wreckers the argument on the demurrer against the plea in bar against further prosecution against Gibson was heard today. C. C. Bland, attorney for the defense, held that the trial and acquittal of Gibson on the indictment for the killing of Caton were a sufficient bar to the further prosecution of the prisoner for the killing of the fireman Richardson, as charged in the second indictment. Mr. John Oday held that the plea in bar was bad, because a former trial and acquittal are no bar unless the first indictment was such as the accused might have been convicted upon by proof of the facts set forth in the second indictment; that to constitute a bar the offense charged in both indictments must be identically the same in law as well as in fact. The first indictment charged the killing of Caton; the second of Richardson. Therefore, it was not the same offense in law or in fact. The fact is, could the defendant have been convicted on the indictment upon the evidence which the state must produce to sustain the second? On the first indictment the state should have proved the killing of Caton and could not convict the defendant by proving that he wrecked the train and killed Richardson instead of Caton. Judge Hill decided that the demurrer ought to be sustained. The case was then continued by the state until next March. C. O. Bland filed an application for his client to be admitted to bail, which was granted, the bond being fixed at \$10,000, and the prisoner was discharged.

Horrible Case of Suicide.

BALTIMORE, Md., September 10.—A special from St. Michael's, Md., gives particulars of a horrible suicide by throat-cutting on Monday night, about midnight. The victim was Harry Neavitt, aged twenty-one, son of a wealthy farmer. Shortly before twelve o'clock Mr. John Neavitt made his way toward the pump, intending to get a drink of water. He had not been gone long before his son jumped out of bed, awaking his mother, and followed his father down stairs. The mother called to and asked him where he was going. Telling her that he was going down stairs to get a knife and peel potatoes, he moved quickly from the room and out of her sight. Mrs. Neavitt sprang out of bed at once and followed him. She ran to the window, called her husband, and then rushed frantically down the stairway.

When the mother and father reached the kitchen it was too late. The young man was lying on the floor, with three or four rough, horrible-looking gashes running the whole length of his throat. He lingered for several hours in horrible agony, and was finally released by death.

Defaulting Bank President.

DALLAS, Texas, September 10.—E. H. Gruber, late a President of the State Savings Bank, was arrested this evening at the instigation of John Alcott and Thomas A. Lilly on a charge of embezzlement. A bond of \$10,000 was fixed, in default of which he was committed. Gruber went into bankruptcy August 31st, assuming as personal debt the liabilities. When the bank failed the liabilities were estimated at \$57,000; nominal assets, \$40,000, which will not pay one cent on the dollar. Gruber assumed the liabilities of the bank as personal liabilities when he filed the petition in bankruptcy. Alcott and Lilly were depositors in the bank.

A GHASTLY SOUVENIR.

By Preserving his First Wife's Skull as a Memento of the Dear Departed, a Morbidly Romantic Frenchman Excites the Jealousy of his Second Ditto and Gets Into Trouble.

PARIS, August 24.—Paul Sabde, of Carpentras, near Nîmes, France, is a stonemason by trade, and has always borne an irreproachable character, steady, sober, honest and industrious. He married a young woman to whom he was greatly attached, and with her led for some time an uninterrupted happy life. She died in the year 1871, and after a decent interval, Sabde, who seems to have been most fortunate in his selections, married again, in 1873, one Louise Rome. Complete harmony reigned in the household over which the new wife presided, and, until a few months back, no dark cloud of any kind hovered in the domestic horizon; nothing occurred calculated in the slightest degree to mar the happiness of the exemplary pair, or disturb the amicable relations subsisting between man and wife. Madame Sabde the second seems to have had a trifling fault—one not unusually characterizing her amiable sex in general, and lively Frenchwomen in particular. She was decidedly inquisitive, and not unnaturally her curiosity was most actively manifested in her desire to examine into everything pertaining to her husband. One box belonging to him particularly excited her curiosity. Taking advantage of a favorable opportunity she opened the box, and among other miscellaneous property her attention was particularly attracted by something carefully enveloped in a clean white cloth and carefully laid in one corner of the trunk. She undid the wrapping which hid the contents, and

FOUND A HUMAN SKULL.

Immediately hastening to her husband, she imperatively demanded a satisfactory explanation of this remarkable discovery. M. Sabde, with the utmost gravity and imperturbability, listened to his wife's observations and expostulations, and briefly told her "it was a souvenir of his first wife which he had been anxious to procure, and valued highly as a memento of the departed," naively and considerably adding that if the "presence of the head of his former wife was in the least degree unpleasant to madame, he entertained no scruples, and would not hesitate at once to get rid of it." The lady, who not unreasonably objected to so extraordinary a memento of the late possessor of her husband's affections, did decidedly find the relic disagreeable. Accordingly the compliant M. Paul Sabde unceremoniously pitched the skull of his late lamented and esteemed first wife over the boundary wall of the public cemetery. Agreeably terminated to his wife's satisfaction and his own, the matter apparently was settled. But only apparently, for M. Paul Sabde's peculiar predilection for a portion of his late spouse's frame led to unpleasant consequences. Besides the trifling fault of inquisitiveness, Madame Sabde was rather addicted to gossip, and in the strictest confidence, of course, imparted to a bosom friend the secret of her husband's memento of his first wife. The result of the confidential communication was that in a few weeks the whole district was aware of the fact that the skull of the former Madame Sabde had been

SACRILEGIOUSLY ABSTRACTED FROM HER GRAVE.

The rumors speedily reached the ear of justice, as embodied in the responsible person of the mayor of the town, and Sabde was cited before the tribunal of the Correctional Police at Carpentras, charged with violating the sanctity of the grave-yard, in contravention of the law. A number of witnesses were called in the course of the trial. The principal witnesses were the mayor, M. Edouard Plantin, and the grave-digger of the cemetery. The former, who is by profession a physician, deposed that in the middle of the month of May last year Sabde called upon him unexpectedly. He explained to the worthy mayor that the grave in which his former wife's remains were deposited was about to be opened for the purpose of receiving another corpse, and tearfully implored an authorization, addressed to the grave-digger, to permit him to remove a portion of bone, no matter how small, of the deceased, which he wished to retain as a souvenir of one with whom he had spent so happy a time. Imprudently as M. Plantin admitted he acted in so doing, the required authorization was granted, but only allowing the accused to remove a small portion of bone as a relic. The mayor added that subsequently he heard the rumors afloat respecting the possession of a skull immediately ordered Sabde to restore it, which the grave-digger afterwards notified

HAD DUTY BEEN DONE.

M. Plantin gave the man an excellent character and assured the Court, with the gravity becoming his responsible position, that the accused had "treated the skull with the greatest respect and reverence, had taken every care of it, and kept it in a nice clean cloth, deposited in a box." No doubt this recommendation told upon the Court. The second important witness was the grave-digger, Augustin Moulard. He stated

that Sabde had solicited him to permit the removal of a bone of the deceased woman, but he invariably refused, and on one occasion referred him to the mayor. Some days after the accused made his appearance with the requisite authorization duly signed by M. Plantin, and in compliance therewith he handed Sabde the head of his late wife. He took it, carefully wrapped it in a white cloth, and departed with his souvenir, tearfully and determinedly avowing to the grave-digger that "the beloved head should not return to earth until he himself was also deposited there." Not the least humorous fact in the case was the assertion made by the mother of Sabde, who positively asseverated that the head so carefully guarded by her son was not the skull of his wife at all. There were still, she informed the grave-digger, traces of

A BEARD UPON THE FACE.

This could clearly not have been the fact had it been the late Madame Sabde's head; and she further stated her deliberate conviction, in which many neighbors concurred, that the skull was that of an individual well known throughout the whole of the district as the "Pied de Bourgne." Some additional conflicting evidence was given as to whether Sabde had or had not asked for the head, the grave-digger asserting he had, and the accused stating he simply asked for a bone and the grave-digger gave him the skull. In the result, the court was unanimously of opinion that the 360th Article of the Penal Code had not been violated, there having been no attempt at sacrilege, and no endeavor had been made to disturb willfully the sanctity of the grave. The accused was accordingly acquitted by the Correctional Tribunal of Carpentras. The public authorities who prosecuted were dissatisfied with the verdict, and the case was taken to the Superior Court, at Nîmes. The judges, however, took a humane view of the conduct of the accused, and, having regard principally to the motive which induced him to obtain possession of the extraordinary souvenir of his wife, simply reaffirmed the judgment of the court below.

A Desperate Lover.

A correspondent writing from Hayden Hill, Lassen county, Cal., says a bloody affray took place in Big Valley, in this county, on the 20th ult., between De Witt Brownell and Henry Holcomb, which resulted in the shooting of Holcomb and the slight cutting of Brownell. The circumstances of the difficulty as near as can be learned are about as follows: For more than a year Brownell has been paying his addresses to a very estimable young lady in the neighborhood, and is generally acknowledged an accorded suitor. Holcomb a few months ago became acquainted and infatuated with the lady, and has many times made advances toward her, and has as many times been turned away; yet the repulse did not seem to cool his ardor. He regarded Brownell as his rival and the sole cause of his disappointment, and at various times threatened him. The day on which the difficulty took place Brownell returned from eastern Oregon, where he had been (owing to the Indian difficulty) to look after his sheep interest. The two young men chanced to meet at the same place, whereupon Holcomb informed Brownell that he had a settlement to make with him, and immediately attacked him with an ax. Brownell drew a derring and fired, the shot taking effect in the head of his assailant. The wound is serious but not necessarily mortal. Brownell received a slight cut back of the right ear and a bruise on the head. No arrests have been made. Brownell is an old settler in Big Valley, a steady young man and highly respected by all who knew him. Holcomb has been but a few months in the country, consequently but little is known of him, but he seems to be a man of steady, industrious habits.

A Baffling Murder Case.

SPRINGFIELD, O., September 6.—In all the leading papers of the country was published an account of the assassination of Samuel Armstrong, a wealthy farmer residing two miles west of the little city of London, Ohio. At 1 o'clock on the night of Tuesday, August 20, Armstrong was shot while asleep in bed by his wife's side. When shot his back was turned to the door and window facing his bed. The door and window were open. He was shot in the back of the head, over the left ear. The only occupants of the house were Armstrong, wife, two children and mother-in-law, Martha Darcy. No clue of any kind was discovered as to the presence of an outsider. Two watchdogs had free range of the house and yard. On purely supposed circumstantial evidence the mother-in-law, Mrs. Darcy, was arrested. At the examination yesterday not a particle of evidence against her was obtained, and she was released amid much excitement and congratulation. At the time of her arrest public opinion was against her; now it is warmly in her favor.

Not the least tangible clue to the criminal can be found, although the best detective talent in the land has handled the case. A more mysterious murder is unknown in Ohio. A reward of \$1,000 is offered for the arrest and conviction of the criminal. A more baffling crime was never committed in this neighborhood.

VICE'S VARIETIES.

An Assorted List of Evil Deeds and Evil Doers Collected by Gazette Correspondents in All Quarters.

THE body of a man who had been brutally murdered was found on the 8th, in Mason's woods, near Portland, Maine.

AN unknown white man was found freshly murdered on the edge of the river at Mound City, Ill. The murderers are unknown.

THE notorious Gerry and his four companions, who broke jail in Lincoln, Neb., on Friday night, 8th inst., were recaptured near Nebraska City on the following day.

IN New Orleans, on the 9th, James Dickson, colored, shot and killed John Smith, colored, who had refused Dickson the hand of his daughter. The murderer was jailed.

AT Virginia, Nev., on the 1st, there was a Chinese row over the possession of a wash-house, which resulted in a big fight, during which one Chinaman was killed and four others badly cut.

ON the night of the 9th, Pinckney Bell, a white man, in jail at Murfreesboro, Tenn., was taken out and lynched for killing a constable of Rutherford county, who attempted to arrest him.

JAMES TIBBETT, who is charged with the burglary of the post-office at Mahomet, Champaign county, Ill., some days ago, was brought to Springfield, Ill., on the 9th, and waived an examination for the present.

AT Kokomo, Ind., on the 7th, Constable Burk shot Pollard Young for resisting arrest and drawing a revolver on officers. Young had his revolver presented ready to fire upon a deputy when shot. His recovery is doubtful.

ON the 7th, Sheriff Elliott returned from Springfield, Ill., from New York, having in custody John A. Westlake, who is charged with stealing \$200, and who was arrested at New York as he was going on board a steamer for Europe.

IT has been discovered that Harry Williams, of Naples, was the man who murdered body was found in Deerier, Maine. Charles E. Prescott, of Windham, was arrested on the 10th for the crime and confessed that he killed the man while drunk.

AT Dundas, Ont., early on the morning of the 8th, five masked men entered the Great Western railroad station, tied and gagged the watchman and blew open the safe, which contained about \$100 and a check for a small amount. The burglars escaped.

THE mystery surrounding the Callison murder at Deadwood, D. T., is being solved. M. L. Cook, of the Model brewery, has been arrested charged with having committed the deed. Mr. and Mrs. Bouton are held as accessories. Startling developments are expected soon.

ON the 1st, the dead body of an old man, named Frederick Pullard, was found with a rope about his neck on the public road, near Yuba City, Cal. He had evidently tied the rope to the fence, jumped off the top rail and died from strangulation. He was sixty-seven years of age and a native of Prussia.

IN Indianapolis, Ind., on the night of the 6th, Patrick Foley a South Illinois street saloon keeper, was arrested for dealing in counterfeit silver. He operated among the market people, and had flooded certain districts with spurious coin. Prior to his capture a considerable quantity of the stuff was also captured.

AT Green Bay, Wis., on the 7th, Jake Daxtater, an Oneida Indian, and Elizabeth Harris, a white married woman, underwent preliminary examination on the charge of adultery. The woman claimed that her husband had deserted her, and she had been living with Daxtater on the reservation nominally as his housekeeper.

JOHNSON, the well known horse-thief of Sag Creek, D. T., was captured on the 7th in close proximity to Government mules that had been stolen from camp the night previous, and is now in the guard house. The evidence on hand cannot fail to convict him, and he will probably be sent to Cheyenne for trial. The mules were recovered.

IN a quarrel on Sunday, 8th inst., between the Donnigan and Mulville families in Brooklyn, Michael Mulville's skull was fractured with an iron spike by Frank Donnigan. Mulville was sent to the College Hospital, and after remaining there an hour he got up, lighted his pipe, and walked out, swearing that he wasn't a case for the doctors yet.

AT Tobaccostick, Md., on the 9th, Mary Candy, aged eighteen years, and not of good character, had two lovers, John H. Wheatley, aged twenty, and George W. Bramble, aged twenty-five. Bramble stopped Wheatley and Mary as they were promenade, and demanded the girl's company, whereupon Wheatley shot Bramble fatally with a revolver and was arrested.

AT Nashua, N. H., Jimmy Blanchard, the famous representative of Charlie Rose, plead guilty of stealing, and was sentenced to three years in the state prison, but sentence was finally changed to the reform school during his minority; if not well behaved there the original sentence to be enforced. Jimmy smiled, and, no doubt, believes that he will escape from the school before long.

IN Shelbyville, Ind., on the night of the 6th, Charles Minor, aged sixteen, of Milford, Decatur county, was severely cut in the abdomen by Jerry Woodruff, aged fifteen, of the former place. The physicians called in replaced the protruding entrails and dressed the boy's wound, which is pronounced dangerous, but not necessarily fatal. Young Woodruff was arrested and confined in jail.

JESSE WILSON, the life member who escaped from Wisconsin state prison on the 3d, was captured on the 5th, near Waupun, Wis. The roads were so well picketed that it was almost impossible for him to stir. As he stepped from a hay stack where he had been hiding all day, he was immediately covered by the firearms of his captors. He surrendered without resistance. They will claim the reward.

AT Evansville, Ind., on the 7th, Laura McGlosson, wife of John McGlosson, charged with the burglary of the Odd Fellows' safe on July 4, was arrested and \$895 found in her bed. She charges that the officers put the money there and took it out again. The affair has created intense excitement for two months, and the present developments heighten it. The woman was not put in jail, but is in a hotel, guarded by officers.

NATHAN HOPKINS, of Otisville, Mich., has been bound over to the Circuit Court, on examination, for rape committed on a little daughter of Mrs. Ford, of the same place, aged seven years. The mother of the child was absent picking berries when the brute entered the house, throwing the little girl on a bed where his hellish designs were carried out, injuring her in a horrible manner. Hopkins is now in jail. He is about thirty-five years of age and has a wife and two children.

FOR some time it had been known to San Francisco detectives that Tom Lawton, the outlaw, was hiding among the tuces near Firebaugh's Ferry, Fresno county, and a strict watch had been kept in that vicinity for the murderer. On the night of the 1st, Lawton emerged from his hiding place, was immediately surrounded, and while resisting arrest was fired upon and killed, four bullets taking effect in his body. The remains were taken to Sacramento for identification and interment.

AT Macomb, Ill., on the 9th, while Sheriff Charles Hays was endeavoring to quell a disturbance among the prisoners in the McDonough county jail, a prisoner in on a charge of burglary assaulted him with a slop-bucket, emptying its contents into his face. Hays immediately drew his revolver and shot the prisoner through the heart, killing him instantly. The name of the prisoner is unknown. He was arrested a short time ago while attempting to commit a burglary at Macomb.

ABOUT three months ago Mr. J. J. Sutton, of Columbus, Wis., had his horse, barn and five horses burned. He employed detectives to work up the case. Their labors culminated in the arrest of Julius Fox, former proprietor of the Fox House, of Columbus. Two of Fox's employees were arrested—M. Claudot in Milwaukee and H. Grehl in Minnesota. Grehl informed the detective that Fox hired him and his companion to set the fire. They are now in jail. Fox is out on \$5,000 bail.

IN connection with the Stickney defalcation in Boston, Mass., it is rumored that a forged note of \$10,000, given to the First National Bank of Chelsea, has been discovered. Inquiry developed the fact that such a note was held, indorsed by Chas. P. Stickney, Wm. P. Davol, and the Manufacturers' Gas Company, by Chas. P. Stickney, as treasurer. An attachment of the face value of the note was made on the property of the last named this morning. The parties at interest claim that the note is genuine.

SUAREZ, the Cuban murderer of his fellow-countryman and benefactor, LeBlanc, in Philadelphia is the fourth blood-stained criminal of whom the police of that city are now in search, viz.: Dennis Haley, who killed the fireman, Spelkie, with a paving stone, in November last, at Second and Race streets, and is thought to have gone to Ireland; Cooper, the rabbit-headed negro, who gave the colored woman a fatal push and kick in Turner street, in June last; the atrocious Geitlich, and the latest fugitive, Suarez.

A SHOOTING affray occurred near Waynetown, Ind., at a basket meeting on Sunday, 8th inst. between Joe Riester and William Miller. Riester accused Miller of saying that he intended to whip him. Miller denied it, and called him a liar. Miller then drew a revolver and fired at Riester, the ball taking effect in the abdomen of the latter. Riester returned the fire, the ball striking Miller in the shoulder. Each exchanged shots again, seven or eight being fired in all. Riester will probably die from the effects of his wounds.

ON the 7th the convicted Molly Maguire of Westmoreland county, Pa., were sentenced by Judge Logan, of Greensburg, as follows: Peter Hanger, who was convicted of murder in the second degree for killing William Hare, a miner, who worked at the time of a strike, was sentenced to solitary confinement in the Western Penitentiary for seven years. John Dorn and John Gorman, the Molly Maguires who cut the telegraph wires at Irwin, were sentenced to the work-house, the former for one year and the latter for nine months.

ON the 6th, a shooting affair occurred near Zion Church, Bullitt county, Ky., in which a man named Robert Evans was shot in the right breast by a young man named Coolidge. Coolidge was returning from Bardonia with a lady, and was driving a light buggy. Evans was driving a heavy wagon in an opposite direction and when the parties met a collision occurred between the vehicles, which caused rough words, and a consequent exchange of shots. Coolidge was shot through three fingers on the left hand. Neither is necessarily fatally injured.

CHARLES HIGBY, the man who has been in jail at New Brighton, Pa., for some time past awaiting trial on a charge of the murder of Benjamin Sheridan in the courts of Beaver county, was acquitted on the 7th. The position taken by the defense was that Higby was defending his house when he committed the deed, and his acquittal was on the ground that he had a right so to do. It will be remembered that the two men, Sheridan and Hunter attempted to break into a house owned by Higby, and that he stabbed them. Sheridan died a few days after, and the other has died since.

A DESPERATE fight occurred in Hancock county, Ga., on the night of the 10th, between Deputy United States Marshal Gumsden, who was accompanied by a posse, and two young men named Ennis, whom the sheriff desired to arrest for carrying on an illicit distillery in Baldwin county. Two of the posse were shot, one of these named Jack Kimbrow was mortally wounded, and died to-day at Milledgeville; another named James Laney, was seriously wounded in the hip and abdomen, but will recover. The two distillers are still at large, and the marshal when reinforced will make another endeavor to arrest them.

A SAD case of seduction came to light on the 8th, in Covington, Ky. Mr. John Christy, a boatman, came down the river three weeks ago, in a little boat, on the way to the Arkansas river. All his family had been ill with chills and fever; he landed and died up his craft until they should get well. Luella, his daughter, eighteen years of age, required a physician and from him the father learned that his daughter would soon become a mother. On the 8th the girl died without revealing the name of the author of her shame. The dead girl had been carefully reared by her parents, and was never suspected of any disposition to stray from the right path.

LATE Saturday night, 7th inst., Officer Kelly of the Twenty-ninth precinct heard two pistol shots and the noise of fighting in the disorderly house 137 West Twenty-sixth street, kept by Isabella Lewis. He procured assistance and made a raid on the premises. A free fight was going on, and the officer found Francis Gould, a brother of the notorious Bill Gould, who was killed some time ago, fighting with and beating Nellie Raymond, also James McMurray and Charles Smith. The prisoners were all brought before Justice Kassaire, and Gould and the girl Raymond were fined \$10 each. Mrs. Lewis was held in \$500 bail for keeping a disorderly house and the other prisoners were discharged.

IN Tybo, Nev., on the 30th ult., a Chinese woman named Di Nan, wife of Jim Fouck, also a Celestial, was kidnapped and taken to Eureka by some Chinamen belonging to a rival company to the one to which her husband belonged. The way the thing was managed was to have Jim Fouck and another Chinaman arrested on an entirely false charge, so late at night that they could not have a hearing, and must go to jail. As soon as the husband was locked up his house was broken open and his wife, Di Nan, to whom he is legally married, was dragged out, thrown into a wagon waiting and driven to Hot Creek, where she was put into the Eureka stage and carried away. Jim went to Eureka to try to recover her and bring some, at least, of the guilty parties to justice.

AT Hastings, Minn., on the 9th, a body was found in the river and has been identified as that of Major John P. Eller, a prominent merchant, who disappeared on Sunday night, 8th inst. He is supposed to have been murdered and thrown into the river. He was an officer in the old First Minnesota Regiment, and formerly Adjutant-General of the state.

THE Governor of Illinois has pardoned Pete Burns, a notorious "thug," out of the county jail, to which he was sent for attempted murder of his wife last July. She, however, only made a charge of assault, on which he was sent to jail by the county judge, for ninety days. A lot of sickly sentimentalists petitioned for his pardon, and the Governor unwisely yielded to their prayer. Burns was about Springfield, Ill., on Saturday, 7th inst., vowing vengeance on all newspaper men and others who had commented on his attempt to murder his wife. He is a plug-ugly and thug as bad as the two recently hanged in Chicago, but the Governor apparently was unaware of his character until after the pardon was granted. There is considerable local feeling over the matter, as Burns is one of the worst characters that ever infested that section.

IN Charleston, S. C., on Friday night, 6th inst., D. L. Thompson, a salesman, was assaulted on the street by a party of white roughs, most brutally beaten, and a large part of his left ear bitten off. Mr. Thompson was assisted to the guard-house, and there he presented a most pitiable sight, covered with blood and his clothes half torn off. Two young white men, named Edward McManus and Edward Williamson, were arrested, and, at the guard-house, were identified by Mr. Thompson as the principal assailants. He said that McManus bit his ear off, while Williamson beat him in the face with a stick. On the following morning the men accused were discharged, the prosecutor not appearing. The piece of the ear which had been bitten off was found after a diligent search, considerably begrimed, and was readjusted by a doctor. The young man seemed hopeful that it would stick, but the doctor was not sanguine.

A SHORT time since a young lady of Lodi, N. Y., and a visiting friend went out riding with two young men and stopped beside a cool and shady stream to rest. When one of the party proposed that they should take a bath. The idea suited all, and they found a place where they thought they would not be observed, and the young men suggested that they should learn the young ladies to swim. An observer reported that the men were entirely nude, while the women had on their skirts only, and adds that all hands seemed to enjoy the adventure hugely. The affair created no little scandal and excitement in the quiet village as all the parties are highly connected—so much so that the visiting young lady speedily returned home, while the Lodi damsel found it desirable to put herself on the visiting list and departed for a sojourn with friends at a distance. The *Lodi Independent*, in referring to the affair, says that the young men have started a swimming academy.

IN Gallipolis, Ohio, on the 29th ult., Marshal Campbell, who had been at work on the case for some time, arrested John Montgomery, for being concerned in the counterfeiting operation with which the town has recently been much annoyed. A few days later a stranger in the place made inquiries of a citizen as to the whereabouts of Montgomery. The suspicious of the citizen, a Mr. Harry Bell, were aroused and he investigated the arrest of the stranger, who was found to be not only well filled with bogus coin, but there was discovered on his person a receipted bill for a quantity of tin and blismuth, from Sellen & Co., of Cincinnati, with a formula for the manufacture of counterfeit coin. He had registered at the hotel as John Brown, of Lexington, Ky., but the bill in question was made out in the name of W. A. Cook. He is supposed to belong to the Marietta gang of "queer" manufacturers, and is undoubtedly the party who gave Montgomery the stuff that got him into trouble. On searching Brown's baggage \$180 in counterfeit coin was revealed.

AT Metamora, Ill., considerable excitement prevails among the few who are acquainted with the following developments: For a committee has been at work investigating the accounts of County Treasurer A. M. Whitaker, of Woodford county. The investigation revealed the fact that he is short to the state \$19,000, and to the county \$12,000, with no estimate of how much is due from him to township officers. On Thursday evening, 5th inst., M. E. Davidson, one of the committee, started for Springfield with some of the receipts. He was followed by Whitaker, and just before the train left Chenoa, Whitaker demanded the receipts, but being refused by Davidson he made a grab for them and tore them in two. Davidson knocked him down and preserved the valuable portion of the papers. Whitaker was running on his third term, having been twice elected as the granger candidate, and the last time by the democrats and grangers, or rather by the same element that now runs the green-back party. It is thought that most of the shortage is caused by his attempting to carry too many men for their taxes. If that is true collections may be made to straighten the matter. The office is in the hands of the committee at present.

ABOUT four weeks ago a girl named Givler arrived at her sister's house in Newville, Pa., and asked for admission. She was taken in and found to be half famished and in great distress. She is the daughter of a farmer named Givler, who dwells near Newville. They are a hard-working family, and highly esteemed by their neighbors. The father is sometimes passionate, and all are noted for their muscular development. Two of the daughters can do the work of men and more than one tramp has been obliged to depart hastily on giving the girls his impudence. A youth hired on the farm at times during the past year was treated as one of the family. But when the father discovered improper intimacy between him and one of his daughters his rage was unbounded, and he beat the girl unmercifully with a wagon whip. She escaped from him by jumping from the window and running away under cover of darkness. She knew not where to go to escape the possibility of her being caught and punished again; and for three days she concealed herself in a large forest, afraid to venture forth. On the morning of the fourth day she sought protection under her sister's roof. During the girl's concealment in the forest the family were in a state of agonized suspense, and the father overcame with remorse, as it was feared that she had committed suicide.

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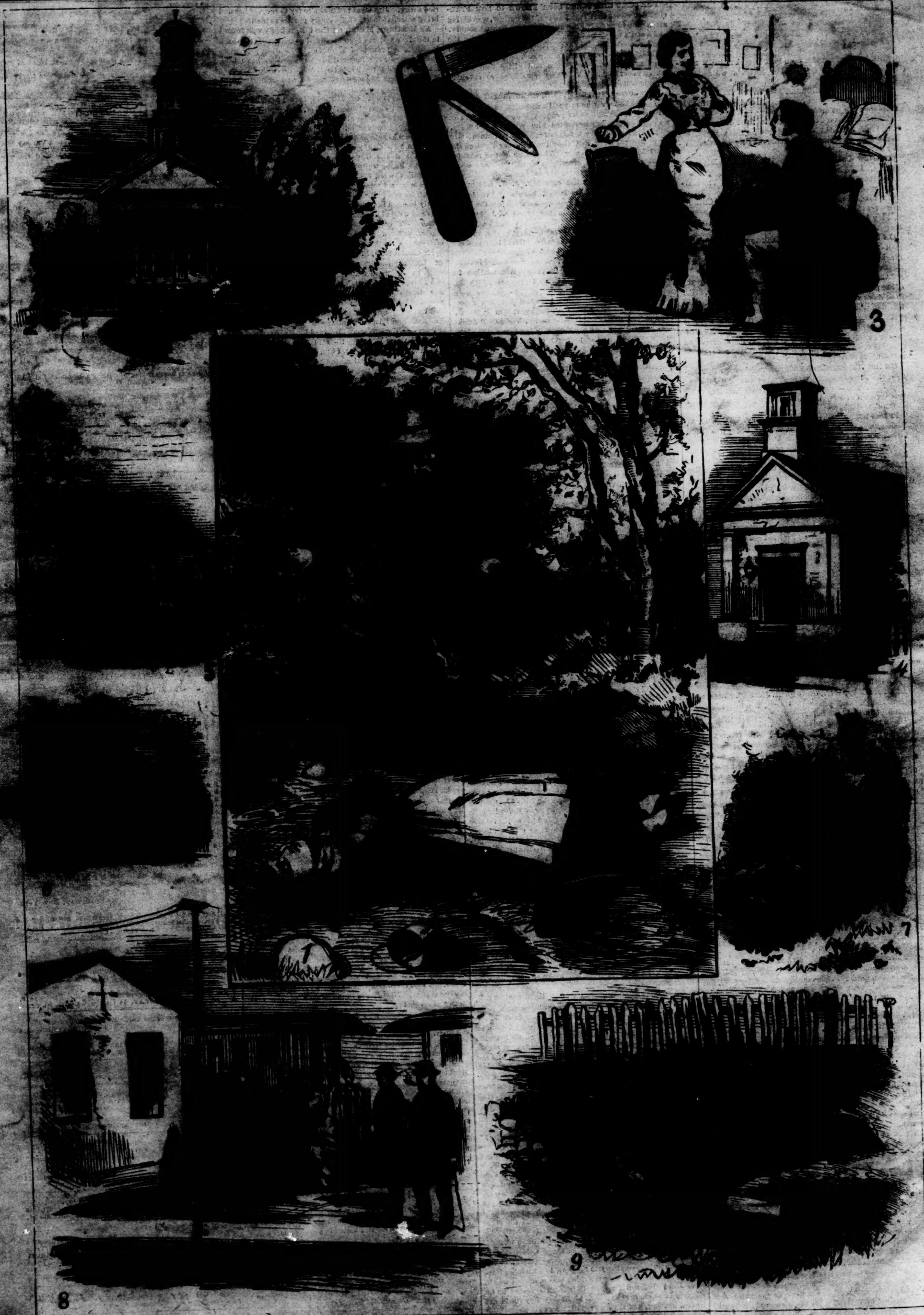
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